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Saturday Review of Literature

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April 17, 1948

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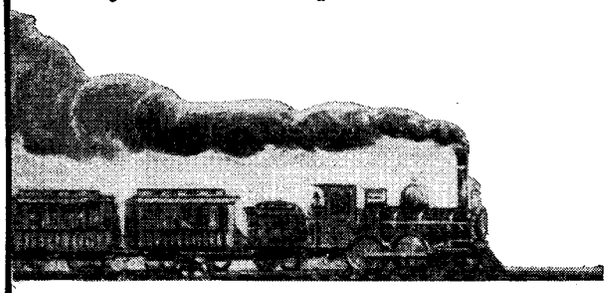

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TRADE Winds

A LOT OF THINGS have happened in Hollywood since I was there a year ago, and almost all of them were bad. Incomes have dwindled, expenditures have not. Domestic receipts are down from ten to thirty per cent, and, considering the average caliber of recent releases, it's a wonder they have held up that well. Foreign markets are vanishing, although the new British agreement is a rift in the gloom. Other industries have noted with alarm how small a drop in gross income is required under the existing burdens of heavy and irreducible overhead to make bonanza profits melt away to actual losses.

More demoralizing than financial worries, however, has been the spineless behavior of Hollywood's bigwigs in the face of direct attack on its independence of thought and action. Lifelong friendships have foundered on ideological rocks. Accusations and counter-accusations remain unanswered, and the ugliest and most ridiculous rumors are given full credence. To make matters worse, virtually every magazine in the country has printed long stories about the debacle in Filmland; each time the principals see their troubles analyzed in print, they feel a little sorrier for themselves.

Not one American in ten thousand today questions the wisdom of eliminating any trace of Communist propaganda in motion pictures. But when has there been any? The worst reactionaries, the people who actually advocated censorship, were stumped when asked to get down to hard facts. Was it actually expedient, leaving aside all question of legality and Constitutional rights, to fire and blacklist the "unfriendly ten" witnesses before the courts of the United States had had a chance to consider the charges made against them?

Impartial correspondents in Washington report that members of the House Committee on Un-American Activities themselves never dreamed that they would win a spectacular victory so painlessly. As for the executives' charge that people would "boycott pictures written by any of the ten men involved," subsequent developments have proven anew that the public pays no attention to who writes or who produces its screen plays. Such credits mean nothing outside the industry itself. People want to know who the stars are, and what the story is about—and that's all. Can you yourself name the ten unfriendly witnesses today? Try it. I can't. I do know that "Naked City," a picture that has broken all records at the Capitol Theatre in New York, was scripted by one of them, and that officials at a university not fifty miles from the Beverly Wilshire Hotel didn't have the faintest notion of the identity of another when he was introduced to them by name at a dinner.

Possibly the most ironic development is that the stars who ranted most against the Communist menace in Washington are the ones who are getting mail today from angry fans demanding that they "go back to the Soviet where they belong." These fans didn't recognize the names of mere writers from Adam, but they *did* remember headlines like "Menjou Testifies in Red Inquiry," and "Gary Cooper Tells About Communists in Hollywood"—and they drew their own conclusions. I must tell you also of the rumor on the Coast that some of the blacklisted writers have been approached under cover by the very studios who dismissed them to finish scripts on which they were working, or polish others. One writer, it is said, was told, "We want you for three weeks, and will pay your old salary of $2,500 a week." "Oh, no," the writer is supposed to have answered. "You'll have to give me $3,500 a week. Don't forget we're operating in the black market now!"

For an illuminating picture of the whole controversy, I commend to your attention a book just published by Boni & Gaer under the title of "Hollywood on Trial" (cloth edition, $2.75; paper edition, $1). In my opinion, the obvious bias of the author, and his resort to ridicule, blunt the effect that an unadorned statement of facts most certainly would have achieved. Nevertheless, "Hollywood on Trial" records the actual testimony of some of the people who really control the film industry, or are its spokesmen, and very sorry reading it makes. . . .

TO THE AUTHORS of books, and their publishers, the determination of Hollywood studios to limit budgets in general to a million dollars a picture, and even half a million if possible, means the end of wartime prices except for the very biggest best sellers. The day when marginal properties could be sold for a hundred thousand dollars or more is past. Many authors and agents have prevented sales in recent weeks by insisting on prices that no longer are realistic. I should say that a fair asking price today for a novel that has sold fifteen thousand copies would be $25,000, unless there were special circumstances justifying more—and, in many cases, the author may have to be satisfied with considerably less. . . . The studios need material very badly. They have bought too little in the past six months. Picture theatres cannot hold features as long as they did in the

Mr. Peabody's mermaid shows her teeth.

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"If you'll just be patient I think I can grow a scalp!"

lush war days; it will take more products to satisfy their demands. Sooner or later, every major studio will have to step up its current production schedule. . . . When a producer brings in a picture on a budget of one million dollars, the business department of the studio now adds sixty per cent for extra prints and exploitation if it is in black and white, eighty per cent if it is in technicolor. In other words, if it is true that "Arch of Triumph," for instance, cost four and a half million to produce, Enterprise will have to gross well over seven million to break even. Very few pictures gross over three million under present conditions. . . .

AT A PREVUE OF Paramount's "The Big Clock," the audience was presented with the following synopsis, lending substance to authors' protests that studio underlings commit the equivalent of mayhem when they attempt to boil down 400-page novels into a few "pithy" paragraphs:

> Earl Janoth is a publishing tycoon of mammoth proportions. Each of his publications occupies an entire floor of a colossal building. And Janoth is a heartless employer.
>
> One of his most successful editors is George Stroud. In addition to his editorial abilities, Stroud has a unique second sense—he is adept at tracking down missing persons. This is a valuable circulation-builder.
>
> When "The Big Clock" opens Stroud is on the verge of having a vacation. He has been married for several years, even has a fine son, but he and his wife have never really had a honeymoon. They are calling this first of Stroud's vacations a belated honeymoon; so they are looking forward to it with the most focused importance.
>
> But along comes a missing person. Janoth wants Stroud to stay on the job—there is tracking down to be done. Following a story scene with Janoth, Stroud gets a phone call from Pauline York, Janoth's girl friend. She is in a state of excitement and insists Stroud meet her for a drink.
>
> He does and gets drunk. They both pour out vilifications of Janoth. And Stroud misses his all-important "honeymoon" train.
>
> He returns to Pauline's apartment, and when they hear someone approaching Stroud hides in the hallway shadows and sees that it is Janoth who enters. When Pauline is discovered murdered by a blow from a sundial, Stroud knows that it was Janoth who did it, and Janoth believes that the unrecognized man he saw lurking in the hall can be found by Stroud and the murder pinned on him. So Stroud sets out to prove the murderer was Janoth, but knows that if he fails he will be pinning the murder on himself. . . .

Eric Remarque defines Hollywood as the place where "they start pictures with an earthquake and then work up to a climax." . . . Abel Green figures that 1999 will be the year when Twentieth Century-Fox starts worrying about a new name. . . . Bob Considine declared that the studios are so concerned about the Red peril that in the story of Babe Ruth they're going to show him batting right-handed. On second thought, Bob must have decided this crack was not so funny; when he printed it in his column, he credited it to me. . . . I enjoyed watching Tola Litvak complete his last day's shooting on "Sorry, Wrong Number," and Nunnally Johnson persuading Bill Powell and Ann Blyth to repeat an under-water sequence three times for "Mr. Peabody and His Mermaid." When Powell carried Miss Blyth out of camera range, Erskine Johnson asked, "What point in the story is this?" "This," said Nunnally, "is where she is running away to be marinated."

BENNETT CERF.

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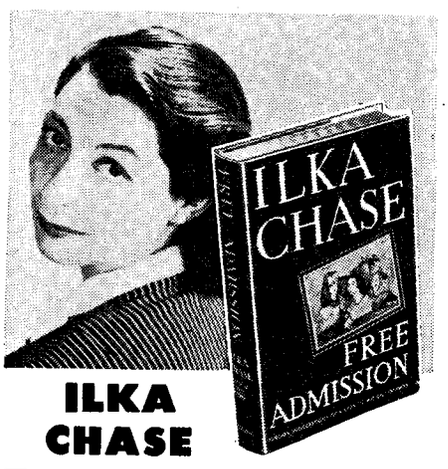

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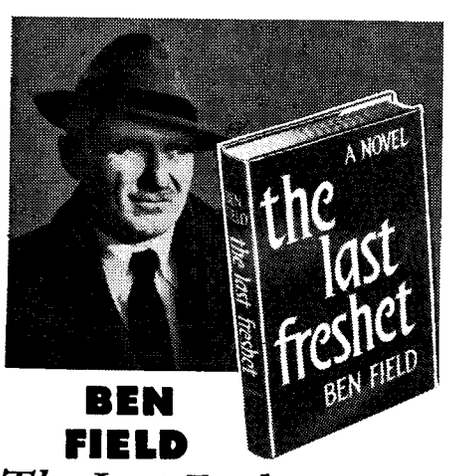

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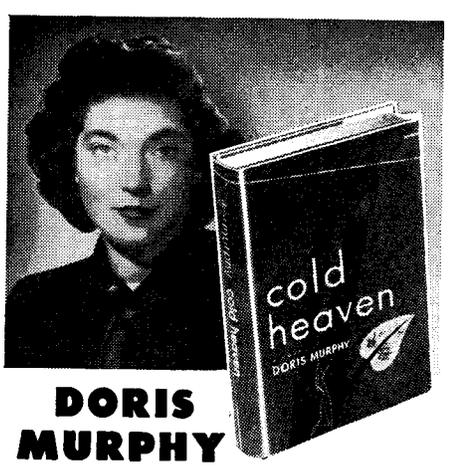

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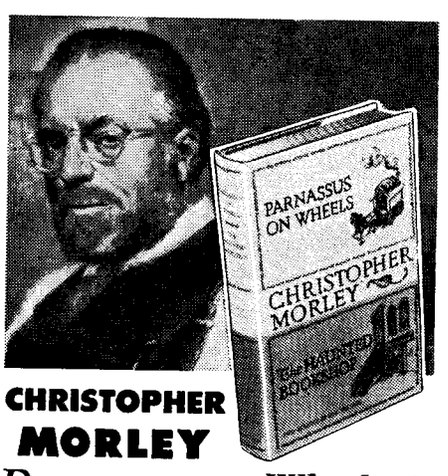

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Quote: British

HAROLD NICOLSON: "Readers of every variety will be entranced by the interest of his four stories; by the brilliance of his descriptions and by the high spirits of the narrative."

EVELYN WAUGH: "One of the most admirable books of recent years."

DESMOND MacCARTHY, Sunday Times: "I have read nothing better in its line since Mr. Harold Nicolson's 'Some People' appeared."

In reply to our offer the British publisher told us that FOUR STUDIES had sold 19,000 copies in England. (Since then the sale has totalled 30,000.) Whether Americans would like it as well was questionable, but again we were too pessimistic. Here are the first American reviews:

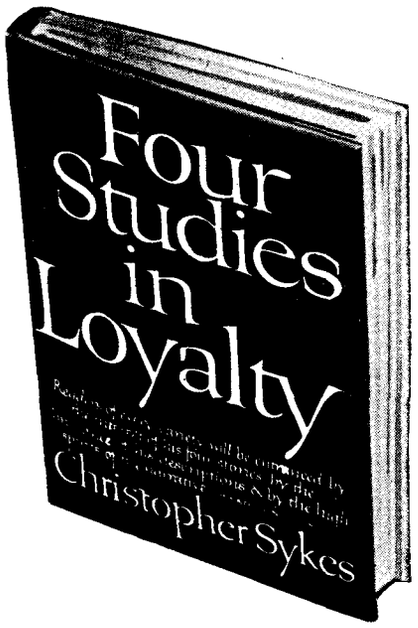
Quote: American

S. N. BEHRMAN, The New Yorker: "The author is a forty-year-old Englishman, little known in this country but gaining a high reputation in England, where he has been compared to Harold Nicolson, Max Beerbohm, and Lytton Strachey. The comparison is relevant. Those who like these writers will probably like him; he holds his own easily, and there are even differences in his favor."

WILLIAM ROSE BENET: "Christopher Sykes is certainly a gifted writer! His accounts of his uncle and of the Persian, Bahram, are two of the choicest bits of biography I have encountered in a long time. It is a deep and abiding pleasure to read so thoroughly cultivated and civilized a book."

ORVILLE PRESCOTT, N. Y. Times: "Christopher Sykes . . . can write as felicitous prose as Lord David Cecil or Peter Quennell . . . enjoys strange people and strange places as much as Evelyn Waugh or Somerset Maugham . . . FOUR STUDIES is written with distinction, with flashing brilliance in the two light-hearted sketches, with more subdued but equally appropriate skill in the two more serious chapters."

LIONEL TRILLING: "I think that the first and second essays are remarkably good—the first being really a kind of masterpiece and classic."



It is a pleasure to report the advent of a true literary treat—of a book like no other this year. Which is, by the way, a safe guarantee, even in a publisher's hyperbolic jargon. For now we are talking about a writer who will be a memorable discovery for some of you, whose FOUR STUDIES IN LOYALTY will be long remembered, whose next book (presently scheduled for late this autumn) will be anticipated by growing numbers of those readers who sample freely to find the few they savor the most.

At all bookstores, $3.00 **WILLIAM SLOANE ASSOCIATES,** *119 W. 57th St., N. Y. 19*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Notes on An Island

1. General Inference

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Christopher Morley

IT WAS a warm autumn Saturday, breezy and bright, as the train came down across the Midlands, from Liverpool to Euston. A visitor who has been so long away (seventeen years, and what years) looks close indeed to try to discern what has happened. Field and hedge, locomotive and signal box, cattle and cathedral, all had been through long mortal storm. On the sidings were strings of those gnomelike little goods wagons, each on four spindly wheels with spokes. It is easy to tell, by the spokes, whether the wagons are moving. Not nearly enough of them were. I saw with apprehension that many were filled with turnips and cabbage. The turnips, however, were "swedes," for fodder.

The visitor looks as sharp as a housewife. In back yards the family washing everywhere fluttered, to get the last of the week's air and sun. Washed and washed again, those humble shirts and linens, heroic trivialities of our human woe—and all a dull cloudy oystery gray. England has little soap. I felt ashamed that I had hooked only one small cake from the C.P.R.

England has little soap; not even Soft Soap, for herself or for others. She must get very weary of being praised for stoicism, a tiresome virtue. Like everyone else she would prefer to be loved for what she feels in her heart: frivolity, mischief, and acute artistic sense. It is dangerous to try to make fair report because words in print are often given more heed than they merit. Even when you know a writer is a natural ass there is some wickedness in ink that lends him respect.

It would be easy to answer all questions by saying "A bit grim," because that is obviously what one is expected to say. But, for a traveler like me, England is still astonishingly comfortable. She has relaxed to my own social level; a shabby man can go almost anywhere without embarrassment. I was startled at first, then rather tickled, to see such proletarian figures trotting in and out of the offices in Whitehall. The black Homburg is still emblem of the professions, but would readily be doffed for a platter of Hamburg. I think I was a bit too jocular in chat with Lady— at an Imperial soirée. She said, "I'm afraid you find us very down-at-heel." I said, "I like it. When your heels were high you had such a habit of putting them on people's necks." That was perhaps less than tactful in an Old Treacle Hand. But I did have a distinct impression in England that no one's boot is on anyone's nape—except of course Economics, which has its heel on us all.

Do not, therefore, say anything that might discourage the tourist. The American's inherited and infatuated curiosity about Britain, his mingled shock and delight when he puts it to proof, are among the island's greatest assets. His innate query is, What is it she has that we haven't got? She has plenty, including beauty that took time, good humor with a very high boiling point, and her unshaken habit of doing things, or not doing them, her own way. The North American, the world's great Handy Man, is in for many a shudder. A Canadian on the boat train, getting his first look at rolling stock, was baffled by all the little "wagons" shrouded with tarpaulin. "What have they got under all those canvases?" he exclaimed. "Corpses?"

—*Reproduced by permission,* Punch, *London.*

"Psst! Want to buy another roll?

It did seem like it, for a while. The corpse of transportation. Commerce was definitely at pause. The spokes of the little "mineral wagons" weren't spinning. The miners hadn't made up their minds whether to dig or not; nor do I blame them. I know what it feels like to sit down to a typewriter. But one of the first places I visited was Keats's house at Hampstead; and there, behind the mulberry tree where the nightingale ode was written, was a great dump of coal, unloaded in the garden. It was the same everywhere: whatever coal you could get hold of you piled in the garden, or the scullery, or the bowling green, or cloister. That, I said to myself, is England. Remember and revere the nightingale and the poet, but pile up the coal while you can. Elfland—with a Weather Eye.

* * *

THE WEATHER was unusual; it usually is. British meteorologists have learned not to make Forecasts. They print only what they call a General Inference. But weather seemed loath to bedevil the hardy island further, except with drouth. Tepid Saint Martin went on and on; Hyde Park orators were able to talk off distemper until late November.* The Labor

* *How I wish someone would reread the tragic John Davidson's poem about Indian summer and railway stations (in London)—in his "Fleet Street"* (1909; *Mitchell Kennerley).*

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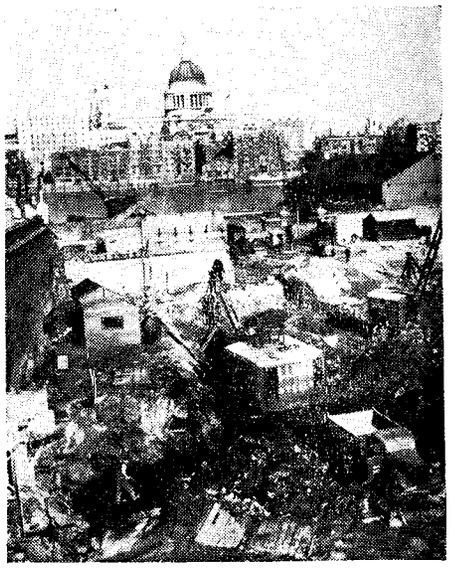
Government was combing thorns out of its hide. Like Br'er Rabbit, it was born and bred in a briar patch; it inherited a skinful of prickly problems, and invented new prickles of its own. Little Mr. Attlee's shanks didn't look comfortable propped on the table in the House of Commons. As you know, the Front Benchers show themselves at ease by hoisting their feet on the table. Perhaps the new tables in the House are not quite as wide as those that were blitzed? At any rate the reach is too far; I could see, from my perch (in the tiny balcony intended for Dominion Premiers) that Mr. Attlee had to sit quite on the bottom of his neck to make cantilever. It is an attitude that recalled the phrase that puzzled me as a schoolboy: the Rump Parliament. Mr. Churchill is too thick and too veteran to attempt it. Besides, you can't *lower* (lour) from that posture.

Mr. Eden, deliciously trim and self-aware, can look threatening even while he lolls. He has crural advantage; they are better striped, more debonair. He has his ankles to windward (on the Table) and his mind on the decimal system, whose address is Number Ten, Downing Street.

I must try not to be cheerful. It is fatal for an historian to think too much about things that amuse him.

GOLDEN pause went on and on. It was like the Ode to Autumn, with its wonderful line that a boy in Philadelphia thought meant John Wanamaker: "Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy Store?" England was like Sleeping Beauty, stupefied within her quickset hedge, waiting for the cold accipitrine kiss of Sir Stafford. But the island is wary even in swoon. When she opens Parliament, or marries an Heir, she still makes Royalty ride in a glass coach, to be sure there's no deception. A new budget hung, like thunder on the left, over everyone's horizon. (Alas, poor Dalton, who fused his electricity betimes and grounded thunder in the lobby.) Cigarettes were sold, when you could get them, in demi-pack of ten, including such unkenned brands as "Fifth Avenue." (But there are actually two Fifth Avenues in London: one in Paddington, and one in East Ham.) Streets were dark at night; petrol perished. When you saw old U. S. Army trucks (as you often did) they were placarded behind: "Left Hand Drive: No Signal." That seemed to me a sort of emblem of the Socialist Government. With which, let me say, I am greatly in sympathy; but its psychological élan has been feeble. During my brief stay in England they sprang upon their glooming public



". . . heaths of ruin east of St. Paul's."

two uncushioned shocks, with no warning: Guy Faux petards under two of England's most revered bulwarks: the House of Lords and the Home Fleet. England was just as much shocked to learn how her Navy had shrunk, as we are how ours has grown.

So everyone in England felt like a patient in the dentist's waiting room, reading an old copy of *Punch*. Even lovers of Moby Dick couldn't work up much zest for Antarctic Filet or Esquimaux Cutlet, which were caterers' names for whale; also called whaleburger. Drouth went on, douce but damnable. Farmers' fields were powder. Great cities like Manchester were within twelve days of water famine. English railways, usually the most exact in the world, had disastrous accidents, by fatigue and man-shortage. This was appalling to an American, who always loved English railways as the supreme example of toy trains: he wants to sprawl on the floor and play with them. Even before St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey the American revisits all the old stygian stations. Pseudo-classic (Euston) or pseudo-gothic (St. Pancras) or pseudo-Bankofengland (L'pool Street) they harbor in their gloomy and agglomerated sheds more pressures of human emotion than any cathedrals. I even did what relatively few English have done, took train (in a day of fog) from old Marylebone Station. That is a runway of mortal oddity that the Black Prince, or the Prince of Blackness, would relish. My old friend—dead these many years—Archie Macdonell—used it as starting point for his idyll of English oddity. Archie was a Scot, and the Scot comes near the American in his pawky sense of England's comedy of weird.

The Island was in trance. So was I; I could tell it by my sense of enjoyment and uncouth hilarity. My visit had double purpose: I wanted to see my English grandchild (I walked her in her pram up and down Sloane Street and round Lowndes Square) but I also wanted to see England, my grandmother. I had no prejudice in favor of either. England is about the same age as a nation as I am as a person. It is better for us both to take things easier than we have. England's wise and strategic inpulling of horns (or heels) is like my own. Life, whether of animals or nations, has its limitations. Events are going to move faster, from now on, than either I or she can deal with alone. So I say to the old emboggled men who like to think they're running the world, turn it over to the Young Folks. They'll do better than the official elders. I have nothing against Marshall, nor Molotov, nor the universal mischief Malapropos, except that they're old and tired and deprived. They were never lyric poets, and have worked harder than men should. Put them to bed. I only wish Stassen weren't getting bald so fast. The shrewdest political and oecumenical comment of our lifetime was that of the great Doctor Osler—and how he was razzed for it—to chloroform ambitious men at forty. I know, and you know too, it is men over forty who make trouble.

I don't think it's my fault; but it's usually my fortune, to visit any different civilization just when it's holding its breath. That is always difficult for an American.

* * *

THE SENSE of wonder is the most precious, maybe the most exhausting, of mortal emotions. It doesn't last long; man, the coward, prefers to wallow in the familiar and the habitual. There is always wisdom in old catchwords: Nine Days' Wonder. True, for about the Tenth Day one begins to adapt, to osmoze. By then you have lost the fine bouquet of surprise. You no longer gape nor gripe at Britain's unchangeable habits, not even her explanatory interpolation "D'you see?" at every pause of narrative. By the tenth day you have given up trying to get a glass of water at meals, or preventing the waiter from pouring coffee and hot milk simultaneously into your cup (spoiling them both). You have remembered by then the fundamental lesson in dealing with all traditional peoples: it hurts them more to do it your way than it would hurt you to do it theirs. So you put the salt in a

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little pile on the rim of your plate; never directly on the cabbage or fish to be salted. You don't ask what the fish is, it's turbot.* You may speak without offense of any architectural ruins of the War, but do not, in charity, remark the most painful ruin of all, the shards and rubble of the noble English Sausage. It is gone, and (as the Shakespeare monument in Westminster Abbey spells it) "left not a wreck behind." Take the mustard, let the sausage go. But remember, better than any mustard (as international condiment) are these little differences.

Turbot was somehow comic even in Gilbert and Sullivan: in "Pinafore," you remember, "turbot is ambitious brill." If not turbot, it's bream, plaice, mullet, haddock, cod, kipper, or bloater; or pilchard; even sprat. If fish is phosphorus, as they used to say, Britain will shine in the dark for centuries to come. We stayed, forty-five happy days, in a delightful little hotel (unknown to Americans, except for one Confederate colonel who was there one night and fled the next morning because there was no interpreter) which was itself, all glass and porcelain and iridescent reflections, very like a fishbowl. It was like a lens, or speculum, or cystoscope, into the very bowels of Britain. There was even a young man there who wore a morning coat for breakfast, put on a gray topper, and took taxi for the Opening of Parliament. From the experienced way he tweezed the hairy vertebrae of his kipper from his gums, I believe he was an hereditary Lord.

It is excellent politics, I said to myself, that these legislators ride the London taxi, which can twirl on a dime and reverse themselves in mid-traffic.

BUT WONDER, or strangeness, doesn't endure. I dare say Adam and Eve began to think themselves acclimated in Eden by the tenth day. Probably Karl Marx, up in Hempstead, believed after a week and a half that he was getting the hang of Britain? I think of Marx because 1948 is the centennial of his earnest manifesto, the burthen of which was his anxiety about exploitation; he himself was busy exploiting British lodgings to try to undo British habits. I also think of Marx because he and Keats lived (thirty years apart) in the same street in Hampstead. Marx's boarding house has some terrible stained-glass windows. But Keats, as Shelley implied, wrote stained glass windows.

In those blasted heaths of ruin east of St. Paul's I found stained glass for myself. England's quickening soil for flowers sprouts autumn asters and marigolds and michaelmas daisies, natural rock gardens, in the checkerboard of ruin, so it seems almost like a common land; clumps of yellow and blue autumn wave in chinks of rubble, as Conservatives of the Nineties used to knot the colors on their whips when they went coaching to elections. When the City was blasted it was mixed with ruins older still; it is hard to know what was St. Giles Cripplegate and what was the old Roman Wall. There, moseying round with H. M. Tomlinson (birthright master of East London) I dug two scraps of red and green glass (port and starboard lights for memory) from the brickheaps of St. Giles Cripplegate. They were from a shattered window that had cast colored light on Milton's burial and Cromwell's wedding. Then we went down by Limehouse, Stepney, Poplar, and the East India Docks; even to Blackwall Stairs, where so many first families of Virginia and Massachusetts felt the first stomach of the sea. The old greasy cobbles they trod are still there. Tommy remembers when he netted shrimps there as a boy, but the tide now swells black as Scotch treacle. Shrimps prefer clean water; the only one we saw was a little girl about to do a pilgrim plunge on the slimy ramp. We dragged her back, wiped her nose, and begged her to be wary.

"I can't imagine what you want to see all this for," old Tommy kept murmuring as we rode bus down Commercial Road, among landscapes of damnation. Then he suddenly became showman. "You see that church," pointing to a skeleton of walls. "That's where my wife and I were married." A little farther, another pile of ruin. "That's where my father and mother were married." Somewhere down by Robin Hood Lane (which would have astounded Robin Hood) or maybe Tunnel Gardens, there were more hollows of broken brick. "That was where my grandmother climbed out of the bedroom window and eloped with a young Navy officer." And Tommy's own home in Croydon was wrecked by a buzzbomb. He lives now in Hammersmith, farther upstream than ever before, but still within tidemarks.

It begins to look, I said, as if the Nazis had something against you.

The things not said are often the truest. Tommy didn't say, and probably didn't even think, it was rash of him, long ago, to write a beautiful book called "All Our Yesterdays." Where are they? But neither of us thought that; we were more interested, both of us, in having lately become grandfathers.

There was other stained glass too. I saw the fourteenth-century windows in the chapel of New College, Oxford, being put together, piece by piece, after wartime burial. They were shown, for the moment, as few have

—*Photographs from British Information Services.*

Midmorning milk: one-third of a pint for Britain's still rationed children."

* *As it was in that great masterpiece of mild Victorian humor, Burnand's "Happy Thoughts." I spent much time in London trying to find a copy of "Happy Thoughts" for some young people; the rising generation in Britain has had no chance to study that classic portrait of a mind full of fog. One of my pleasant memories is of Mr. John Wilson, dean of the London book trade, running up and down ladders to try to find me a copy which he was sure lurked somewhere in Bumpus's famous shop. For advanced students, "Happy Thoughts" is a lifelong favorite of Max Beerbohm's.*

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"Coming, dear! I was just looking through some of my old things."

ever seen them, behind a temporary screen, so they transfuse (as intended)* only northern light. That is the light historians write by. And there were moments tinctured with the heraldry of chance. The only time we had to take shelter from actual rain was at Westminster Abbey. We retreated, with others, into a closed side-portal (the North Porch) while an April shower (in November) was falling in crystal douche across the sanctuary. But only a few rods away, beyond the street, the sun was shining like Chaucer, and the statue of Abe Lincoln gilded in cheerful bronze, bright as a new penny.

While we're at Westminster, I was sorry to notice they were straightening the bent sword of Richard the Lionheart. That twisted glaive was one of the things I wanted to see. But they had Richard inside a scaffold, evidently fixing him up. Like Shirley (in his glorious hymn they sing in the Abbey when a King dies), I prefer a broken sword in the hand of a stark man. Even more I admire the "poor crooked scythe and spade." See, if you are curious, your "Oxford Book" #296. Best of all, in that strong poem, 300 years in print, is the "victor-victim." We know, and well, all victors are victims too.*

* * *

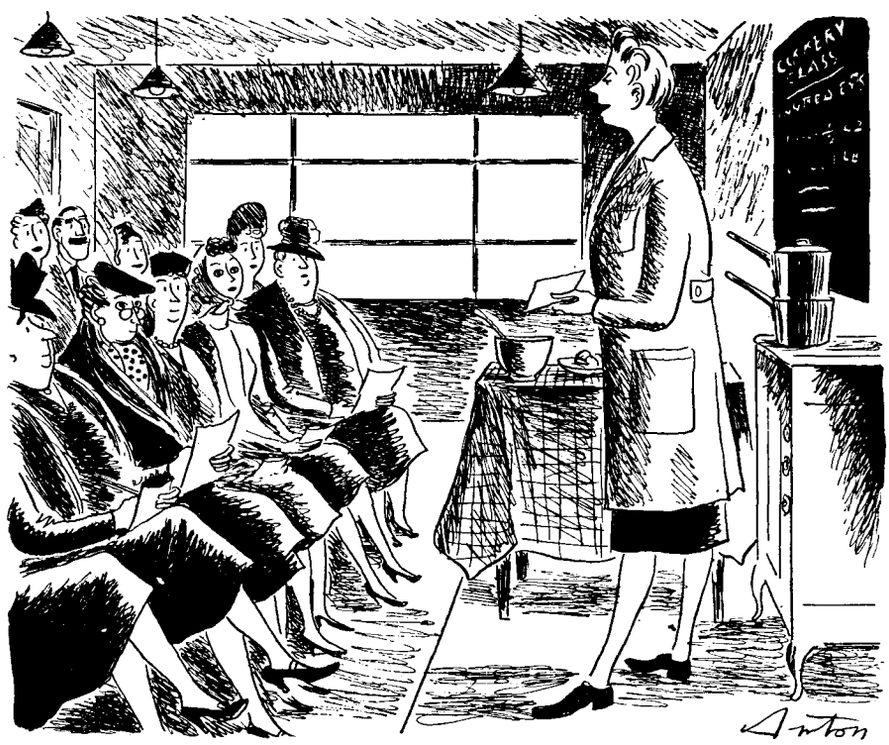
* I have just remembered: walking through ruins with Tommy, he wanted me to send him Steve Benêt's fine inscription for the East River Drive in N. Y. City (at E. 25 Street). In part, Tommy, here it is: "Beneath this East River Drive of the City of New York lie stones, brick, and rubble from the bombed City of Bristol. . . . These fragments that once were homes shall testify while men love freedom to the resolution and fortitude of the people of Britain." (1942)

We were speaking of the Sense of Surprise. I've been home on Long Island long enough for that awareness to dull. "Then fades the glimmering landscape on the sight." I am no longer startled by the horror of New York commuting (worse than the electric trains from Victoria or Waterloo), or the high cardiac pressure of commercial radio, or the inordinate adipose of newspapers, or the reluctance of Congress to face anything at par. I even accept, after a few trips to Town, the draggletail look of women in the new ¾ length skirts. Then I think of how many reasons Britain has to be grateful. Little miniature newspapers that you can put half a dozen of them in your coat pocket. Wireless without hysteria; you can be told, in sober and literate barytone, what seems to be happening; even a Royal Nuptial doesn't elicit the pizzicato molto troppo of some aspirin or toothpaste. England is still, in secret, an aristocracy, for the only way you can find out what people are really thinking is by reading the letters to *The Times* or *The Manchester Guardian;* and the only way you can get those papers is by theft or by someone on the list of subscribers going abroad. I was able to get a black-market *Times,* after many visits to the underground newsstand at Knightsbridge, because some regular subscriber went to South Africa. While he was away digging (or raising "ground-nuts"?) in the Witwatersrand, I was reading his paper; I learned about the autumn misbehavior of the chiff-chaff (a Warbler or Lesser Pettychap), and the cleansing of the paintings at the National Gallery, and the fact that the Archbishop of Canterbury isn't responsible for everything said about USSR by the Dean of Canterbury. I wanted greatly to write a Letter to *The Times,* but what was on my mind had nothing to do with birds, edible fungi, or church ritual, so I knew it was futile.

There were many things I'd like to have written to The Papers. I am a good traveler, for my naïveté is absolute and miscroscopic, but I can take up a good deal of space. I felt it more considerate to impose it on American paper, where pulp is lavish. Also I was having a happily selfish time just meditating it for myself. Some of the letters I wanted to write:

(1) Love and congratulation to the new *Caronia,* launched and christened on the Clyde, in mid-November, by Princess Elizabeth, with young Prince Philip standing by. I was horrified that none of the news stories said anything about the old *Caronia* (launched, I think, about 1904) which was for many years one of the happiest of Atlantic ships. I should guess that about half a million Americans went to and fro in her; I did myself ten times; I even dedicated a book to her once, though a very small one. She looked rather like Lord Halifax, very long for her beam, with an expansion joint amidships to absorb strain. A good idea for all travelers.

(*Continued on page* 58)



—*Cartoons on this page reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of* Punch, *London.*

"First, cut your whale into dainty pieces."

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Almanac for Spring Reading

A Sampling of Forthcoming Publications

AMY LOVEMAN

April

THOSE readers who saw in Dan Wickenden's "The Running of the Deer," published a few years ago when its author was in his early twenties, the promise of more than usual ability will be pleased to find in "Tobias Brandywine" (Morrow) a novel well above the average. A leisurely tale, its chronicle of the gentle vagrant who takes up residence in the household of a middle-aged bachelor and serves its members as confidant and adviser has humor as well feeling, lively incident and good characterization.

★ ★

A passionate concern for the sick and suffering, and an ability to enter into their moods and problems, make Betsey Barton's "The Long Walk" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce) a moving book despite its shortcomings as a novel. Her scene, set in an Army hospital, depicts with compassion and understanding the long road which the tragically wounded of the war, the paralyzed and the incurable, must travel to mental rehabilitation and physical readjustment to life.

★ ★

In "The Man-Eating Leopard of Rudraprayag" (Oxford) Jim Corbett recounts his hazardous adventures in hunting down one wild beast instead of several as he had in "The Man-Eating Tigers of Kumaon," and one for which, in contradistinction to his feelings for the latter, he had no liking or admiration. Once again he holds the reader in tight interest as he pursues the vicious animal whose raids have carried so many villagers to death.

★ ★

The middle-aged and elderly who remember the quickening of literature which followed upon the First World War will find much to engage their interest in Donald Friede's "The Mechanical Angel" (Knopf), an autobiographical chronicle in which he reviews his publishing adventures and his sallies into art and the theatre. Mr. Friede looks back upon the intellectual hurly-burly of the time with mixed feelings but with a pleasant flow of reminiscence and anecdote.

In his aptly titled "Arabesque" (Little, Brown) Geoffrey Household weaves a skilful story of love and political intrigue. His novel has a lightness which marks the importance of the ideas it conveys through its tale of an Anglo-French girl who serves the British Intelligence. After a fashion a spy story—and an exciting one—it is really a study of the spiritual stresses which international policies engender.

★ ★

Good Americans, it used to be said, when they die go to Paris. Certain it is that there has long been an affinity between the French and the American peoples, brought about if by nothing else by their common belief in democracy and in the dignity of the individual. This faith is manifest all through Albert Guérard's charming autobiography, "Personal Equation" (Norton), a delightful portrayal of a happy youth and young manhood in France with briefer description of reaction to America.

★ ★

At his death Henry Bellamann left partly finished a sequel to his widely read "Kings Row." His wife, Katherine Bellamann, with whom he discussed in detail all its characters and projected episodes, has now completed it. "Parris Mitchell of Kings Row" (Simon & Schuster) is a story of frustration in marriage, a great love, and a civic conscience and responsibility.

May

Pre-book syndication has furnished the public with a sample of "The Goebbels Diaries" (Doubleday), edited by Louis P. Lochner, surely one of the most sinister books to come out of the late war. No historian can afford to ignore it and anyone with a vivid interest in the shattering events of his period should find it fascinating as well as horrifying.

★ ★

Almost a by-product, as it were, of his "A Study of History," Arnold J. Toynbee's "Civilization on Trial" (Oxford) attempts to describe the position in which the world stands today, to assess, or reassess, the status of the different nations, to review the past, and to hazard some forecast of the future.

★ ★

Dixon Wecter has done an excellent job of getting into perspective "The Age of the Great Depression" (Macmillan), the recent and yet so rapidly fading years from 1929 to 1941, when depression and war had the nation in their clutch. In swift, panoramic survey, but with plentiful illuminating detail, Mr. Wecter covers all phases of American activity—political, economic, industrial, social, cultural—during the Roosevelt era.

★ ★

Unfortunately Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia died before his projected autobiography had advanced beyond 1919, thus leaving unrecorded the most eventful and significant years of his life. Fragmentary as it is, "The Making of An Insurgent" (Lippincott) is interesting for what it contains and for occasional forecasts of what was to come. But it is promise rather than performance.

★ ★

Economic, political, and social changes in American history and a consideration of present-day problems as they concern the nation constitute the subject matter of Duncan Aikman's informed and astute volume, "The Turning Stream" (Doubleday).

★ ★

Volume II of "The Journals of André Gide" (Knopf) carries this record of a rich and reflective mind, a distinguished literary talent, and an eminent littérateur who knew many of the most distinguished of his French contemporaries, through the years 1914-1927.

★ ★

In "Dwight D. Eisenhower in His Messages and Speeches" (Farrar & Straus), edited by Rudolph Treuenfels, for the first time have been brought together, not only documents which have already seen publication

(*Continued on page* 60)

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

"I Pinch the Goddess"

FROM CAESAR'S JOURNAL

The Queen of Egypt and I have been quarreling. It is not the quarrel habitual in boudoirs, though it frequently arrives at a determination which can not be said to be new.

Cleopatra declares that I am a God. She is shocked to discover that I have not long since come to acknowledge that I am a God. Cleopatra is very certain that she is a Goddess and the worship of her people confirms her daily in this belief. She assures me that the divinity which lives in her has endowed her with unusual perspicuity in recognizing divinity. Through that endowment she is in a position to assure me that I am one also.

All this makes for conversation of a very flattering sort, interrupted by droll byplay. I pinch the Goddess and the Goddess squeals. I put my hand over the Goddess's eyes and, by the Immortal Gods, she is unable to see a thing. She has answers for all these sophistries. It is the one subject, however, on which the great Queen is not accessible to reason and on which I have learned not to permit our conversations to take a serious turn. On that subject alone she is, perhaps, oriental.

—From "The Ides of March" by Thornton Wilder (Harper).

Gold Lust

THERE WAS A change in his voice, it became louder like the voice of a bull or a lion. Go to our hospital, he said, and see our people lying on the floors. They lie so close you cannot step over them. But it is they who dig the gold. For three shillings a day. We come from the Transkei, and from Basutoland, and from Bechuanaland, and from Swaziland, and from Zululand. And from Ndotsheni also. We live in the compounds, we must leave our wives and families behind. And when the new gold is found, it is not we who will get more for our labor. It is the white man's shares that will rise, you will read it in all the papers. They go mad when new gold is found. They bring more of us to live in the compounds, to dig under the ground for three shillings a day. They do not think, here is a chance to pay more for our labor. They think only, here is a chance to build a bigger house and buy a bigger car. It is important to find gold, they say, for all South Africa is built on the mines.

He growled, and his voice grew deep, it was like thunder that was rolling. But it is not built on the mines, he said, it is built on our backs, on our sweat, on our labor. Every factory, every theatre, every beautiful house, they are all built by us. And what does a chief know about that? But here in Johannesburg they know.

He stopped, and was silent. And his visitors were silent also, for there was something in this voice that compelled one to be silent. And Stephen Kumalo sat silent, for this was a new brother that he saw.

—From "Cry, the Beloved Country" by Alan Paton (Scribner's).

A Leap Forward

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY saw three great developments in structural theory: the enclosure of great areas in the Crystal Palace; the spanning of great voids in the Brooklyn Bridge; and the reaching of great heights in the Eiffel Tower. These structures are sufficiently great in themselves, each marking the full-flowering of a new structural concept. But they are noteworthy in another respect in that they constitute historical proof of the relationship between structural theories, materials, and techniques. . . .

Historically, the three factors—theory, material, technique—have seldom been in exact equilibrium at any given moment: that is, there have been few times when a lag in one did not prevent advance in the others. Occasionally, however, under the accumulating pressure of social change, a structure appears in which all three factors have combined at a high level to produce a radically new type. To borrow a term from the anthropologists, there has been a *leap* forward. Such structures were the Palace, the Bridge, and the Tower. These leaps involve not merely blind social and economic pressures. Specific human agencies are also required; live men who, by the very breadth of their understanding, are able to master all the factors involved and force the project through to completion. Such men were the designers of these three famous structures: Joseph Paxton, the English horticulturist; John Roebling, the German-American cable inventor; and Gustave Eiffel, the French engineer. The shadows of these men and their structures fell athwart the whole Western world; and nothing which came after them could remain entirely unaffected, for they had tackled and brilliantly mastered three eternal problems in structure.

—From "American Building" by James Marston Fitch (Houghton Mifflin).

Each an Island

I LIKED PEOPLE, all of them, without distinction and without degree. As I grew toward them from childhood I observed that they were kindly, given to thoughtful deeds, and quietly, bravely unhappy. The instant I perceived that they were not content I loved them all. They were, I realized, my brothers in the truest sense. They were exiled, lonely, confused, and filled with trouble.

In two ways they were different from me. They were resigned to a goal of material success and they accepted heaven as an advanced state of earthly comfort to be acquired by regular attendance at Mass and reception of the sacraments. I didn't believe these things but nobody knew I didn't. I had no idea how I was going to circumvent the business of making a living or the finality and authority of sacramental salvation, but I was going to make a fight for it.

Meanwhile I had to study the phenomenon of becoming a person. It was apt to happen to me any minute, snatching me off my bicycle and transforming me into a man, something in long pants striding up Church Street to keep a date at the town green. It was difficult to imagine but I did my best. I studied all the grown-ups I saw, looking for what I was to become. Particularly I studied them at dances and at wakes, two places where, I found, they most revealed their inner selves.

There were always wakes in the neighborhood, especially during the

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pneumonia months, and I was now playing my violin occasionally for country dances. At the wakes I watched and listened; at the dances I watched while I played. I learned a great deal, but nothing that helped me in my personal problem, nothing except that each man is an island universe in the cosmos of God's mind, with stars forming, planets breaking off, and a personal movement in counterpoint to creation. Like an astronomer I charted the movements within each universe, trying to fathom the plan or break through to the central agony behind the peripheral storms.

—*From "Stranger in the Earth" by Thomas Sugrue (Holt).*

Higher Religions

AN INTELLIGIBLE FIELD of historical study is not to be found within any national framework; we must expand our historical horizon to think in terms of an entire civilization. But this wider framework is still too narrow, for civilizations, like nations, are plural, not singular; there are different civilizations which meet and, out of their encounters, societies of another species, the higher religions, are born into this world. That is not, however, the end of the historian's quest, for no higher religion is intelligible in terms of this world only. The mundane history of the higher religions is one aspect of the life of a Kingdom of Heaven, of which this world is one province. So history passes over into theology. "To Him return ye every one."

—*From "Civilization on Trial" by Arnold J. Toynbee (to be published in late April by Oxford).*

Timed Boms

AS EVERYONE KNOWS, George Bernard Shaw, in his heyday as a reformer, maintained a department of reformed spelling in his vast and bizarre Utopia. But save for a few somewhat banal innóvations, e.g., *havn't, program, novelet,* and *Renascenice,* most of which were not really innovations at all, he stuck closely to standard English spelling in his own writing, and even indulged himself in a few archaisms, e.g., *to shew.* In theory, however, he was always in favor of very radical changes, including the abolition of silent letters and the adoption of an entirely new alphabet. In a letter to the *London Times* in 1945 he disported himself with the word *bomb.* The redundant *b,* he argued, "is entirely senseless and wastes the writer's time," and suggests "an absurb mispronunciation of the word exactly as if the word *gun* were to be spelt *gung.*" He reported that he had made an experiment with *bom,* and found that he could write it twenty-four times in one minute, whereas he could write *bomb* but eighteen times. He proposed that the British Government appoint a committee of economists and statisticians to deal with the matter, and closed by saying that "if the Phoenician alphabet were only turned upside down and enlarged by seventeen letters from the Greek alphabet it would soon pay for the war." Some months later, in an interview with Hayden Church, he explained that this new alphabet should have "at least forty-two letters, capable of indicating every sound in our speech without using more than one letter for each sound." "The yearly cost of having to write my name with four letters instead of two," he went on, "is astronomical. The saving would repay the cost of the atomic bomb in a few months." But this argument was quickly demolished by Simeon Strunsky and Dr. Charles E. Funk in *The New York Times.* "Assume," said Strunsky, "that he saved himself twenty-five per cent of time in writing. What percentage would it cost his readers whose eyes would pause constantly to puzzle out many strange spellings?"

—*From "The American Language: Supplement II" by H. L. Mencken (Knopf).*

E Panikiniki

BUT STILL WE were in danger; it was all Papa could do by continually easing off the sheet and hauling it in again, to keep from capsizing. He shouted for Jakey to crawl out as far as he dared. His eyes sparkling and his teeth clenched, my brave little brother jumped on the crossboom and grabbed the stay to stand upright four feet from the canoe, close above me. Then Mama sat a little way out on the boom, but with her feet in the canoe and holding Elaine in her lap.

E teré, e teré, e teré, te vaka,
E teré ki uta i te tautua. . . .

she sang. We joined her, and away we went, singing and laughing, squalls pelting us, our canoe as alive and excited as ourselves.

Then suddenly Jakey and I both sighted a reef at the same time, close in front of us! A second later Mama saw it!

"A'ama!" (to windward!) I yelled.

"Katea!" (to leeward!) Jakey yelled.

"A'ama! Ekiai! Katea!" (to windward! No! To leeward!) Mama screamed.

Papa swung the canoe first one way, then the other, and finally, not knowing what to do, he steered straight ahead! In about a second the canoe struck the reef, and, because it was going a mile a minute, it spooned to the top of the coral, scraped across it, slid down the other side, and away we went for Motu Kotawa!

"E panikiniki" (a skipping stone!), Mama shouted. And that was how our canoe got its name.

—*From "Miss Ulysses from Puka-Puka" by Florence (Johnny) Frisbie (Macmillan).*

Revenge

THE CAPTAIN ARRANGED his body so that it was military and unbending. "Sergeant," he said, frowning in a way that I felt sure he had studied in front of a mirror. "Have you ever heard of military courtesy?"

I quietly confessed that I had.

"Then I suggest," he continued, "that you do an about-face, go out the door you just entered, knock on that door, and after that I may or may not invite you to re-enter. If I decide on the former, you will enter that door, come forward, and address a commissioned officer in a proper military manner."

"Yes, sir," I said immediately, saluting quite smartly. I knew my place. . . .

Yes, I was acquainted with [Cap-

(*Continued on page* 47)

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"...the Rest of His Natural Life"

CARL CARMER

THE IMPORTANCE of this article depends on the series of drawings that appear with it. The fact that they were made in prison by a man sentenced "for the rest of his natural life" is secondary unless the reader chooses to consider the triumph of an artist over the most difficult handicap society imposes more significant than the quality of his work.

I may not, because of regulations, tell you the name or number of the artist nor the name or place of his residence. I may, however, tell you his story and something of his life today.

When this man was nineteen, living with his parents and two sisters in a slum area of a great city, he met and came to idolize an older man, local hero of the pool halls, an exceptionally attractive but thoroughly unprincipled criminal. The boy was flattered when his friend, planning to rob a small grocery, suggested that he go along and hold the gun. The grocer gave some fight, the gun went off, and the two robbers were caught and indicted for murder. From the

"Years without blameworthy incident."

moment of his arrest the younger man, his allusions about his companion dispelled, confessed his guilt and aided the state in the preparation of the prosecution. The criminals were tried together and at the suggestion of the boy's lawyer they were offered the opportunity to "cop a plea"—to plead guilty to the charge of murder in the second degree rather than stand trial for murder in the first degree with the possibility of a death penalty. The younger man and his lawyer did everything in their power to bring this about but the older refused, believing that he might even obtain an acquittal since he had not fired the gun. Both were convicted and sentenced to execution in the electric chair, although the jury asked for mercy in the case of the younger man on the grounds that he had been influenced by the elder.

The execution of the older man took place as scheduled. But after the boy's able lawyer, given audience before the governor of the state, pointed out that the influence of the habitual criminal over his client had amounted practically to hypnosis the executive commuted his sentence to read "for the rest of his natural life." News of the commutation did not reach the prison until so late in the day that had been set as the boy's last that his head had already been shaved and his trousers slit to allow contact with the electrodes that were to end his life. The words of the sentence meant exactly what they said. No "good behavior" or other extenuating circumstances might affect them. Only action of the governor might result in pardon or release on parole. Had the two defendants pleaded guilty as the prosecutor had suggested and as the boy wished to do, the elder would have avoided execution, and both, with good behavior, would have been eligible for release four years ago.

Six years ago I visited the prison in the company of a friend who is a member of the State Prison Commission, a volunteer organization of distinguished citizens whose duty it is to inspect prisons and report their findings to the governor. It is a high-security prison and criminals who have "done time" in several such institutions rank it near the bottom in ratio of preference.

The prison school was in session during the morning hours, and we entered several classrooms where instructors—some free citizens, others inmates—were busy. I was particularly interested in the art class, taught by an enthusiastic, bright-eyed young man in gray prison clothes. He pointed out some of the virtues of the paintings done by his pupils and added some intelligent comment on the value of painting as a therapeutic influence on the mind of a man affected by long imprisonment. Not until I asked to see them did he show me his own drawings and paintings. I thought them moving but, not trusting my amateur judgment, showed them to my companion, a man of con-

"...a relatively happy man...."

siderable authority in the world of art. He agreed with me that the work showed talent and happily accepted a drawing for his collection.

Since then I have sold three of the young artist's drawings for him and I have seen him several times, the most recent being last fall. He was then given permission to write to me and I have had a few letters from him. Though this is his eighteenth year in the prison his enthusiasm for his work which he began, without instruction, soon after his arrival, continues to grow. In his first letter he wrote:

"Your visit has made my imagination restive and difficult to control. News about recognition of my work has set off a spark that blasts each day into a hardly-long-enough period for painting. Since you have been up here I have completed a landscape, begun work on a prison scene, and developed the series of drawings you saw, to the point where they are ready for the final phase. . . . Wonder whether everyone writing a first letter feels as uncertain as I? I would be content with the assurance that I am not boring you. I feel like one of Kafka's characters who was forever remembering important facts after the need for them had passed."

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In a statement which the prison warden was kind enough to obtain for me when I asked for information on the art teaching schedule the artist-instructor wrote:

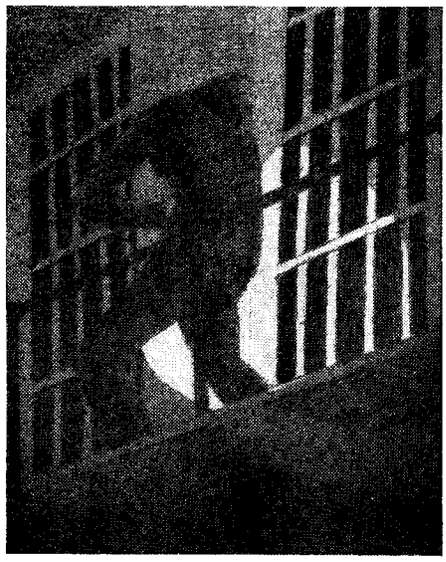
"Morning and afternoon classes are held five days each week and conducted on an informal basis. . . . Free discussion, criticism, and collaboration on pictures are encouraged. . . . A pupil possessing exceptional talent is generally singled out for special attention in the form of close friendship which allows for further, more comprehensive discussions after school hours."

John Sloan was the first professional painter to take an interest in this man's work. He and many others of America's highest ranking artists, upon being shown examples, have attested their belief in his talent. Among these are Gifford Beal, Stowe Wengenroth, Philip Evergood, Georges Schreiber, Robert Gwathney. When the drawings on these pages were first shown to the editors of *The Saturday Review of Literature* Paul J. Sachs, professor of fine arts at Harvard University and until recently associate director of the University's Fogg Art Museum, happened to wander in and, without knowing the story of the artist, expressed his enthusiastic admiration for them.

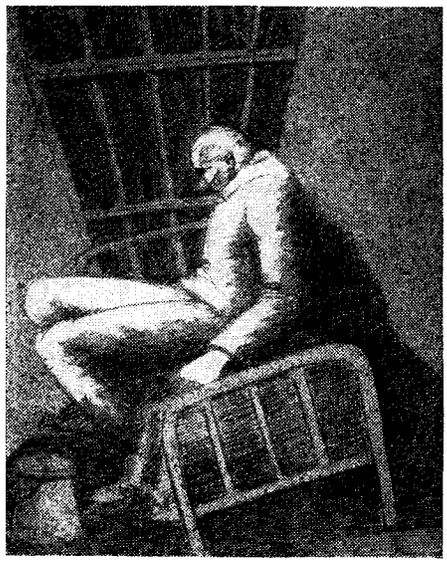
When I began to write this article, I intended not to mention the possibility of the release of this inmate. The fact that in the most discouraging of environments he has become a relatively happy man, delighting in his own work, enjoying his service to others, seemed of greater import. I decided, however, that it would be hypocritical of me to omit a thought so obviously in my mind. A petition has been sent to the present governor of the state in which his crime was committed. It offers the information contained in this article. The governor believes, I know, in the rehabilitation of prison inmates, and I am confident that he will eventually take action to restore this artist to a society which values men of his talent as precious rarities.

I would not minimize his crime, but I believe his incarceration has satisfied society's demands. His years without blameworthy incident in a community whose laws are much more stringent than our own have convinced me that he is not an habitual criminal and could become in a free environment a valued citizen and artist enriching our lives by distinctive work.

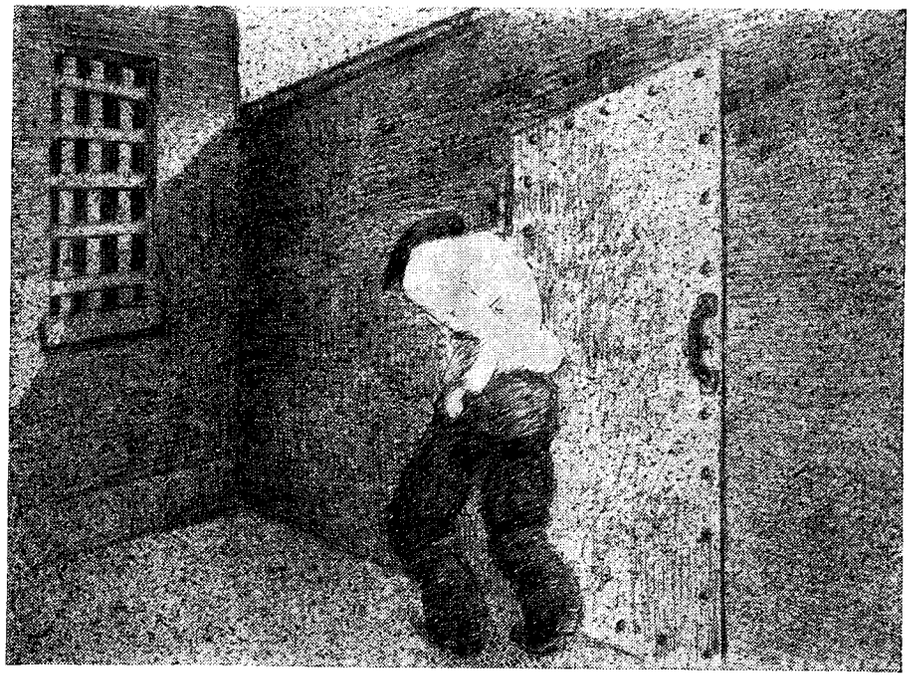
If the readers of *The Saturday Review* are in agreement with this opinion, they might well choose so to inform *The Review* and thereby give further weight to the petition.



"It is a high-security prison. . . ."



"Most discouraging of environments."



"Only action of the governor might result in pardon or release on parole."

"Most difficult handicap society imposes."

". . . like one of Kafka's characters. . . ."

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Personal History.

Does history repeat itself? Or, putting it another way, can one learn from history? Well, never exactly, nor can one ever say with confidence this was the way it happened, therefore this is what we must do now. But there would be little more than good reading in the magnificent series of memoirs appearing this season—Byrnes's, Stimson's, Hull's, Churchill's, Stilwell's—if nothing was to be learned from them. Who can say how much the experiences of past statesmen, displayed in books like these, have swayed the actions of their successors? Who can tell what memories of past crises go into the making of that powerful force called public opinion? . . . These volumes chronicle the public confusion and excitement of our times. Max Eastman and Helen Waren faced these same times courageously, each in their own private way. Their stories are reviewed below.

H. L. Stimson's "Tours of Duty"

ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN PEACE AND WAR. By Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 698 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT S. ALLEN

HENRY L. STIMSON served in the cabinets of three Presidents—Theodore Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. In each of these "tours of duty," Mr. Stimson played a leading role in the formulation and execution of many momentous policies. Also, throughout his life, he has served his country with a quality of high-minded fidelity, ability, and gentlemanliness that is as distinguished as it is rare.

Yet, ironically, Mr. Stimson may be more noted in history as the author of his remarkable memoirs, "On Active Service in Peace and War," than for his long, devoted, and capable public service.

This volume is a truly notable personal history. It is the record of a man of high honor and integrity, told with meticulous fairness and honesty. The honesty of this book stands out on every page. This honesty and gentlemanliness are particularly striking in contrast to the shabby egotism, pompous infallibility, and malodorous backbiting that characterize so many of the personal records now pouring forth from the presses.

Mr. Stimson's honesty is vividly exemplified in the candor with which he records mistakes—bad ones. He doesn't tell his story, as is so common, from the safe and consoling vantage point of hindsight. He relates frankly what he thought and did on a certain matter, and then temperately and conscientiously presents his revised hindsight judgment. The reader is given the whole picture, before, during, and after, simply, clearly, and honestly. This is unique in personal histories, but a practice strongly to be commended to all who write such records.

More than half of Mr. Stimson's book is devoted to his five years as Secretary of War in the Roosevelt and Truman cabinets. The disclosures and judgments in this portion of the book are doubtless of most immediate interest. Yet, the earlier chronicle of his years as Secretary of War under Taft and, particularly, as Hoover's Secretary of State is, in some respects, even more important and revealing. For Mr. Stimson's account of the Hoover Administration is the first "inside story" of that ill-fated regime to come from one of its principal participants.

Mr. Stimson discloses for the first time the sharp differences of opinion that existed between him and Hoover during most of the four years they worked together. In doing so, Mr. Stimson speaks highly of Hoover as an individual, and makes it clear that he was in general agreement with Hoover's attitude toward the depression. Yet, quietly and judiciously, Mr. Stimson unfolds a devastating picture of the failures and frustrations that constitute the dismal record of the Hoover Administration.

Particularly, Mr. Stimson traces with searing clarity the muddling and blundering that led eventually to World War II, and sums it all up in a heartrending chapter titled "The Tragedy of Timidity." A chapter that is full of grim lessons for today.

Mr. Stimson demonstrates clearly that American democracy works well only when there is a strong, daring, and imaginative executive in the White House. As his record unfolds, Mr. Stimson reveals how political considerations almost always prevent our national leaders from taking steps they know are necessary, from doing the things that should be done but are not politically expedient. Above all, Mr. Stimson makes it overwhelmingly clear that when the man in the White House falls short of high caliber and courage, the result is invariably a breakdown of American statesmanship.

One incident during the Hoover Administration vividly illustrates this fact. When France proposed a consultative pact, as a peace measure, Hoover immediately responded that it was a "political impossibility." Stimson concedes that strong isolationist sentiment existed in Congress and the country. Yet, it is apparent from his account that he feels that a strong leader in the White House could have done a great deal to have counteracted that disaster-laden viewpoint.

"Perhaps no major nation was ever asked for a smaller contribution to peace and disarmament," Mr. Stimson writes. "In the light of what happened in 1917 and what happened again in 1941, the American refusal to 'consult' with other nations in the event of threatened war seems nothing short of madness." And a little later: "Surely it was the duty of the democratic leaders to fight and educate, and not to surrender to the simple formula of 'political impossibility.'" What happened in Europe, Mr. Stimson concludes, was not a tragedy of Greek inevitability, nor even of the vast human error of nationalistic pride. "It was a tragedy," he declares, "of the timidity of statesmanship."

Mr. Stimson describes the atmosphere of the White House under Hoover as one of unrelieved gloom. After one particular meeting, he says, he felt as if he had been bathed in ink. He relates with some shame that he made a campaign speech defending the infamous Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act, of which he never approved. "A man's campaign speeches," Mr. Stimson observes wryly, "are no proper subject for the study of a friendly biography." This was the reason why the day after election Mr. Stimson awoke feeling, as he relates,

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"a greater sense of freedom than I have for four years."

Many grave international problems were pending in the months before Roosevelt took office, but the two Presidents so distrusted each other that they were unable to confer on what should be done. Finally, Stimson got word that Roosevelt would like to talk to him. But when Stimson imparted this to Hoover, he at first refused to permit such a meeting. He finally gave ground, however, when Stimson pointed out that when a President-elect wanted to get information about his job "it was a very ticklish responsibility to refuse to give it to him."

So the meeting took place and Stimson found that "they were in very substantial agreement, although Mr. Roosevelt seemed rather to underestimate the difficulties involved in disarmament, war debts, and the coming world economic conference." Stimson was particularly gratified by Roosevelt's quick understanding and general approval of Stimson's Manchurian policy. Stimson continued his liaison work until the new Administration took over; the only member of the Hoover cabinet who was able to put aside his personal and political pique in the interest of his country. Unquestionably, Mr. Stimson's high-minded patriotism during those distressing months must have been an important factor in his recall to "active service" in 1940 as Roosevelt's Secretary of War.

Perhaps the most "sensational disclosure" in Mr. Stimson's book is an incident that occurred several months after Pearl Harbor. On February 8, 1942, the late President Quezon sent a message proposing that the Philippines be given immediate and unconditional independence, and that they then be neutralized by agreement between Japan and the United States, with all United States troops to be withdrawn and the Philippine Army disbanded. The message expressed bitter indignation at the United States failure to reinforce the Philippines.

High Commissioner Sayre supported Quezon's proposal if his assumption was correct that no aid would be forthcoming. General MacArthur added a caution that the temper of the Filipinos "is one of almost violent resentment against the United States" and added, "The problem presents itself as to whether the plan of President Quezon might offer the best possible solution of what is about to be a disastrous debacle."

These messages, Mr. Stimson relates, were a "serious shock" to him and General Marshall. Both felt the plan would play into the hands of the Japs. They took the crisis to Roosevelt, who immediately agreed that they must make the difficult decision of "consigning a brave garrison to a fight to the finish," and at the same time send Quezon a message which would "put our attitude on the Philippines upon a correct and elevated basis." Mr. Stimson records that Quezon "fully understood the reasons for the decision and would abide by it." Also, that General MacArthur replied "with even greater firmness that he would resist to the end."

Perhaps the keynote of Mr. Stimson's character, and his remarkable personal history, is stated most clearly in this paragraph: "Stimson adopted as his guide in foreign policy a principle he always tried to follow in personal relations—the principle that the way to make men trustworthy is to trust them." It was in this spirit that he closed down the State Department's code-cracking office with the remark, "Gentlemen do not read each other's mail." Naive, perhaps, in the light of later events. Yet, what stirring hope there would be for peace and the world today if statesmen of Mr. Stimson's lofty character and honor were in office both in the United States and abroad.

Mr. Stimson admits that he was often disillusioned in trying to apply this principle. But he never abandoned it. His final words, his concluding summation of the record of his life, written last year at the age of eighty, offer his fellow citizens a sorely needed credo. This is it:

> I have always believed that the long view of man's history will show that his destiny on earth is progress toward the good life, even though that progress is based on sacrifices and sufferings which taken by themselves seem to constitute a hideous melange of evils. This is an act of faith. We must not let ourselves be engulfed in the passing waves which obscure the current of progress. The sinfulness and weakness of man are evident to anyone who lives in the active world. But men are also great, kind, and wise. Honor begets honor; trust begets trust; faith begets faith; and hope is the mainspring of life.
>
> Those who read this book will mostly be younger than I, men of the generations who must bear the active part in the work ahead. Let them learn from our adventures what they can. Let them charge us with our failures and do better in their turn. But let them not turn aside from that which they have to do, nor think that criticism excuses inaction. Let them have hope and virtue, and let them believe in mankind and its future, for there is good as well as evil, and the man who tries to work for the good, believing in its eventual victory, while he may suffer setback and even disaster, will never know defeat. The only deadly sin I know is cynicism.

—*Sylvia Salmi.*

"The sexual record would indicate [that] Max Eastman's enjoyment of living was not . . . robust."

Sorrows of Eastman

ENJOYMENT OF LIVING. By Max Eastman. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 603 pp. $5.

Reviewed by GRANVILLE HICKS

THIS is the first part of Max Eastman's autobiography, the story of his "thirty-three years' introduction" to life: his ancestry, his boyhood in Upstate New York, his education at Williams and Columbia, his marriage to Ida Rauh, and his editorship of *The Masses*. The story breaks off in 1917 with his achievement of a happy love affair. As a piece of literary craftsmanship, it is beautifully sustained throughout its 600 pages, and it is an ardently honest attempt at self-revelation, though what one is to make of the self that is revealed remains a problem.

Eastman's understanding and literary skill are at their best in his account of his early years. He writes about his mother and father, both of them Congregational ministers, with affectionate candor, and about his mother with the admiration she obviously deserves. His frank analysis of the parental relationship is remarkable, but so is his warm rendering of the quality of the family life. Upstate New York, he makes clear, was by no means a cultural desert at the end of the nineteenth century, and an upstate parsonage was not a bad place for a boy to grow up in, even a boy who was to become an agnostic and anti-clerical.

As the story proceeds, girls play a larger and larger part in it. Most men who write intimately about their sex

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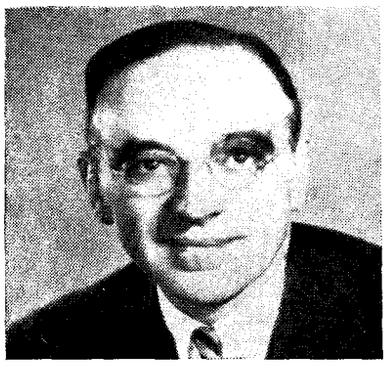

My Current Reading

Morris L. Ernst, of Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst, is no ordinary lawyer. During the war he served as special counsel for the War Production Board, carried out missions in England for President Roosevelt, and has visited Germany and the Virgin Islands for the Government. Among other activities, he served last year as member of President Truman's Civil Rights Committee, has been special counsel for the American Newspaper Guild, and is on the New York State Banking Board. Mr. Ernst is also a lecturer and magazine writer and is the author of many books, including "The First Freedom" of 1946. He will be a contributor to the forthcoming symposium "American Sexual Behavior and the Kinsey Report." We list his latest reading:

APPOINTMENT ON THE HILL, *by Dorothy Detzer (Holt)*

PATRICK CALLS ME MOTHER, *by Ann Barley (to be published by Harper in May)*

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE, *by Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, and Clyde E. Martin (W. B. Saunders)*

THE GILDED HEARSE, *by Charles O. Gorham (Creative)*

MAN FOR HIMSELF, *by Erich Fromm (Rinehart)*

ENJOYMENT OF LIVING, *by Max Eastman (Harper)*

lives portray themselves as Don Juans, but not Eastman. He offers, on the contrary, an extraordinary list of frustrations. Eastman points, without too much diffidence, to a mother fixation, but suggests, quite rightly, that the phrase doesn't explain a great deal. Whatever the explanation, the record is an interesting contribution to our knowledge of sexual behavior in the human male.

As the sexual record alone would indicate, the young Eastman's enjoyment of living was not of the most robust variety. The title, in fact, though inevitable and in a way justifiable, is misleading. During much of his young manhood Eastman was an invalid, and he remained the victim of pains he describes as neurotic. His frustrations lasted until he was twenty-eight, and then his marriage turned out badly. Even his literary career went contrary to his desires, for he wanted to be a poet and he won his first success as a writer on social problems. There is no point in quarreling about a title, but the reader should be warned the book might as aptly be called "The Sorrows of Eastman."

Next to the story of boyhood experiences, the most impressive part of the book is the account of Eastman's connection with *The Masses*, and it is in this section that one sees most clearly the Eastman who really was enjoying life. Among the pictures that add so much to the value of the book is a photograph of Eastman speaking at an Ettor and Giovannitti protest meeting—young and handsome and incredibly self-assured. That was the spirit of *The Masses* and of the revolutionary upsurge that created it. For once in American history, the revolutionaries felt that they had the respectables on the run and were thoroughly enjoying themselves. No one can blame Eastman for speaking of *The Masses* with pride and nostalgia; nothing of the kind has happened since or is likely to.

Eastman writes with affection and insight about most of his associates and acquaintances of *The Masses* years. He even pays his sad respects to such Stalinists as Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and William Z. Foster. But he is not tolerant or fair towards the persons he calls the Sentimental Rebels — Hutchins Hapgood, Fremont Older, Clarence Darrow, and especially Lincoln Steffens. Some of his specific criticisms of Steffens are acute, but the tone is intemperate, and the conclusions are deeply unjust to a man who was a good deal more than his vanity and tricks. Eastman is not an effective polemicist, though he has had plenty of practice, and in any case polemics have no place in the kind of autobiography he has written.

The last chapter of the book is called "My Life Begins." I reached it with some regret and a real eagerness for what is to follow. Simply as a job of story-telling, the book is done so well that the reader wants to go on with it, and I also feel a certain impatience to find out what in the world Max Eastman made of himself after his life started. In a sense, of course, I know—from the record, I must point out, for I have never met the man—but in a more significant sense I don't. I wish I could end this review with a neat summary of Max Eastman's character, but I can't. I have never understood him, and, after 600 pages, I still don't, though I understand some things about him better that I did before and have hopes of greater understanding when all the evidence is in.

Granville Hicks, author of "The Great Tradition" and biographer of John Reed, has long been concerned with social and economic reform.

Subway to Palestine

THE BURIED ARE SCREAMING. By Helen Waren. New York: Beechhurst Press, Inc. 1948. 186 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

UNTIL a few years ago Helen Waren was just a young, pretty girl brought up in New York by agnostic parents, and, as she puts it, "searching for something which seemed always to be just out of reach and not yet in mind," always in search for some new "ism," like so many of her generation. She was an actress, not much different from hundreds of others who were talented and either became wives of ambitious businessmen or disappointed extras in Hollywood. Friends of the theatre will perhaps remember her in a production of "Richard III," with George Colouris, or in "The Searching Wind." Then, in 1944, she went overseas with the USO to play for the Allied troops, like so many others who wanted to do their share, and came back with a handful of gory war stories and a dozen new friends.

But Helen Waren did not return to Broadway, waiting for a big, fat part in a smash hit. She had a strange experience in Europe. It changed her whole life. She met Jews, wandering aimlessly about the Continent like so many unwanted ghosts. Now she knew what she had been searching for. Here was work to be done which nobody else could do or nobody else was willing to do. She helped many of these people to escape from "the most debasing, the most mortifying, and undignified tragedy of our befouled and shameful generation." This is how Helen Waren became the saviour of men, women, and children who otherwise would have died. She got in touch with agents of the Haganah. They helped her to smuggle the Jews out of Germany on their way to Palestine.

The unusual story begins in Italy. When Helen Waren arrived there to do "The Little Indians," she happened to meet two British officers who spoke —Hebrew. They were Palestinians.

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She learned that 35,000 of them had volunteered for the British army. Five thousand later formed the Jewish Brigade. She found that these men were different: a new type of Jew. "There was no separation between their beliefs and their way of life." She learned that these Palestinians gathered together Jewish orphans and sent them on to Palestine. The children looked like "wild, little animals." Many had been forced to attend the slaughter of their parents in concentration camps. There were 1,500 of these children in Rome alone at that time.

Helen Waren played for the GI's, she visited the lonely boys in the hospitals, and she danced with soldiers in the psychopathic wards. "Do you know where you are, girl?" the men asked her. "You are in the nut house. We're all crazy." From there she went to Florence and in May came peace, and perhaps she would have gone back to New York and would have forgotten most of the horror, but—She was ordered to go to Germany. And here, in the DP camps, she saw things, "so shocking, so monstrous, so hideous," that all her illusions about justice and mercy and humanity were shattered. She became a new Helen Waren.

Now in "The Buried Are Screaming" she tells how she succeeded in smuggling the Hitler victims over the border. She tells how she began stealing food for them, stealing clothes for them. She broke the laws—but she tried to save lives. "These people were dashing back and forth from one death trap into the next." And only Palestine could become a home for them.

Helen Waren relates the story of her crusade with simplicity and an occasional outburst of passion which heightens its tragic background. There are also a large number of exciting stories of war heroes and war victims in this moving, and occasionally amusing, book. Miss Waren has given up her Broadway career and is engaged in her new work: trying to arouse interest for the people she left in Europe behind barbed wire, people who have no home. She spoke in their behalf to Mrs. Roosevelt, General Marshall, General McNarney, and others. She tours the country lecturing. She says to her audience: "I pray that in my voice you will hear the echo of those insistent cries for help that haunt me and will not let me rest."

Friends of humanity will not easily forget this little book. They will want to hear more from Helen Waren and about her. Some might even feel the urge to help her. This is a cruel world where everybody is for himself—but, on the other hand, there are young women such as Helen Waren.

The World.

Among the current books which might be considered useful in helping one to understand the world crisis, it is surprising to note that few, very few, are concerned with Western Europe. While the Eastern side of The Curtain has received a disproportionate share of attention in recent publications, Italy, France, and England have been virtually ignored. This is all the more surprising when one considers that we are now committed to the Marshall Plan, that Italy may be near civil war or Communism, that France is maintaining her balance with difficulty, and that England's New Deal must be understood and accepted by us if we are to continue to play partners with her in Europe. Gordon Wright's fine study of France is therefore welcome. But where is that much-needed book on the crucial problems of Italy?

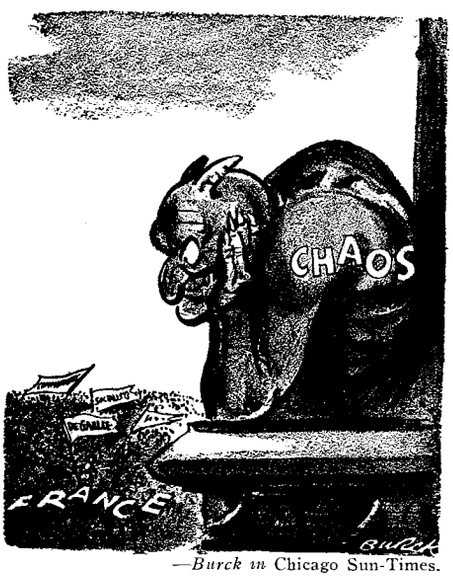
The Maze of the Fourth Republic

THE RESHAPING OF FRENCH DEMOCRACY. By Gordon Wright. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 277 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THE Italian elections have pushed French politics for the moment out of our minds. But regardless of what happens in Italy, and even in Greece and in Central Europe, France is likely to be the ultimate test of the progress of Communism in our time. If France remains non-Communist, then the recent pact of Brussels can be maintained, and a major part of the continent of Europe will remain outside the Russian complex of power. If France goes Communist, it is very hard to see how any of the European continent can be independent of Russia.

It is, then, most important for Americans to get beyond the news of the day—or of the week—and arrive at a more basic understanding of contemporary France. Towards such an understanding there could hardly be a better instrument than Mr. Wright's admirable book. It is true that "The Reshaping of French Democracy" is not a complete analysis of French life today. Mr. Wright confines himself to politics in the broad and useful sense which includes much of human behavior. This is no dry catalogue of legal and constitutional machinery. Within the limits of what can fairly be called politics, it is amazingly complete and amazingly well-balanced. What may really save France from Communism, is of course, something deeply woven into her culture, not perhaps *unpolitical*, but more than political, something that the artist, the man of letters, the moralist, the religious leader can understand better than the historian of politics.



—*Burck in* Chicago Sun-Times.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Mr. Wright, who shows on every page a sympathetic understanding of the French, has wisely set his own limits. The result is a very clear analysis of the last eight years of French political history focused on the making of the constitution under which the Fourth Republic has begun life. Mr. Wright threads his way deftly through the complexities of French politics carrying even the most uninformed reader along with him. He never shows off his knowledge, never indulges in the unexplained allusion. As personalities appear, he places them neatly, summarizes their background, makes them come alive. And all this is accompanied with an unobtrusive irony which is as good-natured as irony can ever be.

The basic political problem which underlay the long months of constitution-making in France is how to achieve a reasonable degree of political stability at the top without sacrificing the basic democratic liberties

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throughout society. Everyone concerned with the making of the new constitution was aware, sometimes to the point of obsession, that the life of a cabinet in the last twenty years of the Third Republic had been on an average not quite six months. The remedy of strengthening the executive seemed to good Republicans to lead straight to Louis Napoleon, General Boulanger—and General De Gaulle. The remedy of strengthening the legislature to the point of omnipotence seemed to lead straight to a legislature controlled by a single party, in turn controlled by a Politburo. The Fourth Republic chose neither totalitarian road, and ended up with a constitution essentially the same as that of the Third Republic. Mr. Wright makes it abundantly clear that this was the only possible path French Republicans could take, once De Gaulle had shown in practice that he could not manage to adapt himself to the give-and-take of democracy.

Mr. Wright, like most scholars who venture into contemporary history, professionally disavows the intent to prophesy—and then permits himself a modest essay in prophecy. He is rather bearish on the prospects of the Fourth Republic, but not wholly in despair. He knows that much depends on what we do and on what the Russians do. He does not think that ordinary Frenchmen can put up indefinitely with the hardships and uncertainties they have hitherto undergone in the postwar world. He thinks the French are basically conditioned to the democratic life, but that this life is getting harder and harder for them to lead. They have salvaged their democracy, but only after the hardest of struggles. They cannot, being human, be expected to keep on cherishing democracy, as their idealistic leaders of the Middle Way have done since 1940, beyond life itself.

Seething Subcontinent

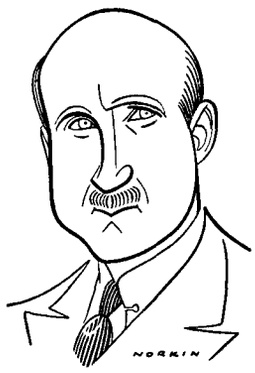
TUMULT IN INDIA. By George E. Jones. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1948. 277 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GORDDEN LINK

MR. JONES has written a book about the turbulent year of India's postwar development when, with freedom achieved, disintegration became a daily possibility. He calls this carefully rewritten collation of his *New York Times* dispatches "Tumult in India." The book has been written many times before in one form or another except that, with respect to partition, the stress has hitherto been upon anxious prophecy rather than worried reportage. Mother India has long been prey to one-year special studies by visiting Britishers and Americans. But few authors have rewritten the eternal verities of the subcontinent in such lucid journalistic prose. And none before Mr. Jones had been so fortunate as to be filing daily dispatches during the year that marked the end of the old India, the final escape from British domination, and the accomplishment of the long bruited partition. Furthermore, none has watched India day by day come so close to the bath of blood that most observers predicted would follow Pakistan.

As an experienced war correspondent who covered the waterfront from Guadalcanal to Tokyo, Mr. Jones is fortunately not prey in his writing to the emotional disturbances that featured such approximately similar studies as "Revolution in India," by Frances Gunther, and "Verdict on India," by Beverley Nichols. The one was almost psychotically anti-British, the other virtually gibbered in its allergy to India's dominant Hindu element. While Mrs. Gunther's book was saved to a certain extent by seemingly elaborate documentation, Mr. Nichols fell heir to the tradition of countless Britishers who have lectured Americans briefly in preparation for their authoritative volumes on America. His "year of intense study" produced a book that called forth Gertrude Murray's "Verdict on Beverley Nichols," the most pitiless baring of poseur-soul that our century has seen. There might well have followed a moratorium on such "intensive studies." The presses, however, have continued to erupt hastily prepared stereotypes on India with their inevitable Backward Glance, Current Survey, and Look into the Future.

In pleasurable contrast, Mr. Jones maintains the objective tone of a seasoned reporter writing on matters assumed to have two sides as well as reasonable depth. His twelve coherent essays are clear, concise, and in some parts moving, although they provide little that sounds new to anyone who knows India or the literature in the field. But they serve as a useful guide to those who, without special background, have watched bewildered the screaming headlines blur by during the months between the birth of partition and the death of Gandhi, who lived for a free united India.



Publisher's Gallery

"To present to the public the work of new authors of talent; to publish books of cultural and historical value; to keep in print worth-while books; to present in book form every point of view that has validity and is worthy of expression": that is the professional credo Cass Canfield, chairman of the board of Harper & Bros., America's oldest publishing house (1817), expounds after a quarter of a century in the book business.

Mr. Canfield's entrance into the world of books was more or less fortuitous. In 1924, having essayed bond selling and reporting for three years, he was taken on as a Harper salesman shortly before the firm was casting for someone to manage its London office. On the strength of a year at Oxford following graduation from Harvard (1919) he got the job—"it was sheer luck." Lady Luck undoubtedly was not responsible, however, for the "names" (Priestley, Guedella, Delafield, among others) he then helped add to the strong English list now published by Harper. Nor, probably, could she take credit for his rapid rise from assistant editor in the N. Y. office (1927) to president (1931) and chairman of board (1945).

His sinewy great-grandfather General Lewis Cass (War of 1812) was once cited for "sterling patriotism, official ability." Mr. Canfield has shown like zeal and capacity. He served as special advisor, Economics Warfare Division, London (1942), OWI director for France (1945). An interest in politics and liberal causes is connoted by board membership of Freedom House, United World Federalists—the latter, he emphasizes, "in no way necessarily reflects a Harper point of view."

Groton-nurtured Cass Canfield has remained shy, modest. He is a father, stepfather, grandfather; still likes to "knock a ball around—tennis or golf"; on vacations reads—"other publishers' books."—E. P. H.

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U.S.A. *Charges and countercharges fly fast this year, and diversionary tactics confuse the real issues. J. Parnell Thomas uncovers more Communists than he can prove to be Communist (see "Hollywood on Trial," reviewed below). Many opponents of the Administration attack its foreign policy by emphasizing the flaws in our society, such as anti-Semitism, discrimination, social injustice. We must clean our own house, they cry, before we start spring-cleaning abroad. . . . Such tactics are of course, not entirely diversionary. These evils exist, and to maintain a sense of proportion is difficult. It is for this reason that we strongly recommend the reading of such accurate and careful studies on anti-Semitism and the effects of prejudice as Malcolm Ross's "All Manner of Men," on fair employment practices, and the two books by distinguished authors reviewed below: "Mask of Privilege" and "Lost Boundaries."*

"A Plea in Avoidance"

HOLLYWOOD ON TRIAL. By Gordon Kahn. New York: Boni & Gaer, Inc. 1948. 229 *pp.* $3 & $1.

Reviewed by EMMET LAVERY

AS FAR as it goes, this is a lively and provocative report of the political inquisition which was conducted last October, in the name of Americanism, by Congressman J. Parnell Thomas and sundry brethren of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. It is an able job of selective reporting but it leaves much to be desired. Also much to be reported.

Were the non-responsive witnesses members of the Communist Party, as was claimed by Congressman Thomas, and were they therefore a threat to the safety and security of these United States? If not, what was the ultimate philosophy behind their united attitude on the questions of Party membership and certain guild memberships? And how does that philosophy compare with the philosophy and the behavior of other liberals under similar circumstances?

These are a few questions that are not considered in this spirited account of the so-called "investigation" of the film industry. But, with respect to the questions that are considered, in particular the vital matters of blacklist and censorship, the book speaks with authority, vigor, and humor. Gordon Kahn, the editor of this volume, and the former editor of *The Screen Writer*, was not one of the "unfriendly ten" witnesses from Hollywood but he was present at the Washington hearings and he was one of those under subpoena to testify at subsequent hearings which have not yet been scheduled. With the assistance of these ten, who now face trial in Federal Court for contempt of Congress, Mr. Kahn has assembled a pointed chronicle of the times.

Yet, when all is said and done, this is what the lawyers call a plea in avoidance. It is an eloquent plea and, at some points, a moving one. It is timed to hit the book stands, just as the first of the witnesses goes to trial in Washington, D.C., and the royalties from the volume will go to the defense fund of the authors. But the plea in this book is not equal to the cause which it sets out to defend. The argument is left exactly where the ten left it last fall.

Why, many writers will want to know, do the defendants still choose to conceal their membership in the guilds concerned? Especially when neither guild has ever asked for such concealment? Why does the book omit the testimony of the president of the Screen Writers Guild, who chose to waive his constitutional rights and who was heard at some length in defense of a broad liberal position? Just how did the ten reach their common decision not to give immediately responsive answers to the questions of guild membership and Party membership? Was it by group agreement? With or without approval of counsel? And what were the alternatives? Was this the only action open to a true liberal? If so, how about the eleventh witness, Bertold Brecht, whose testimony is covered in some detail? Mr. Brecht chose to speak quite freely. So, under similar circumstances, did Paul Robeson, who made a brilliant presentation of his political creed on October 7, 1946 in a hearing before State Senator Jack Tenney and his California Committee on Un-American Activities. In that hearing Robeson chose to answer every question put to him and the result, even for people who did not agree with Robeson, was a rare emotional and intellectual experience. Where then shall articulate liberals take their cue, when called to the witness stand? With Brecht and Robeson or with the relatively silent ten?

One word of caution is in order about a misleading paragraph which deals with Thurman Arnold. Without identifying the exact role of Mr. Arnold, who is now serving as special counsel to the Screen Writers Guild, the inference is given that he in some way approves of the particular legal strategy which these defendants have followed in the contempt cases. The flat statement is also made that Mr. Arnold has predicted that these defendants will be vindicated, when and if their cases reach the United States Supreme Court. Both the inference and the statement are wide of the mark. Mr. Arnold has made no such prediction nor has he presumed to approve the strategy of witnesses whom he does not represent. At this moment he is representing the Screen Writers Guild in legal proceedings designed to test, for the benefit of all guild members, the right of studios to discharge or to suspend employees upon the mere *accusation* by a grand jury that they are guilty of an offense against the laws of the land. It is quite possible that, in these proceedings, the Guild and Mr. Arnold may be able to explore the reality and/or extent of various forms of blacklisting which have been urged upon the film industry from time to time by associates of Congressman Thomas. But the exploration is a Guild undertaking. The Guild and Mr. Arnold are not appearing in support of the writers in the contempt cases nor are they appearing in support of the writers in the actions for damages which they have filed against the studios. The matter of contempt, like the matter of damages, is still an individual problem confronting the individual writer.

Emmet Lavery, playwright and screen writer, is a past president of the Screen Writers Guild. He was serving his third term as president of the Guild when he testified before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in Washington last October.

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Sickness & Remedy

A MASK FOR PRIVILEGE, Anti-Semitism in America. By Carey McWilliams. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 299 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ROGER N. BALDWIN

DESPITE the extensive literature on anti-Semitism, an addition to it by Carey McWilliams is bound to present a fresh and challenging view with a program of action. His previous studies of racial minorities in "Brothers Under the Skin" and in "Prejudice," the story of the Japanese minority in America, have given him the distinction of authority on discrimination. His books distill wide research, reading, and observation fitted into a pattern of democratic principles and conclusions. Packed with quotations, incidents, facts, they each present the failures of American democracy to achieve equality for racial and national minorities. Although essentially the work of a reformer, they are written with a documented detachment calculated to reach even the unconverted.

The thesis of "A Mask for Privilege" is that "anti-Semitism has always been used by the enemies of the people for the purpose of arresting progress in periods of social upheaval and social stress." Anti-Semitism is a "swamp fever exhaled by sick people in a sick society." In the United States it has grown alarmingly as an attitude, as the "spectacular" results of a recent Roper poll showed. But its expression flows chiefly from non-governmental agencies, acting in conflict with our traditions of equality, and due in origin to the "undemocratic social order that came with the rise of industrial capitalism" in the latter part of the last century.

Though Mr. McWilliams, of course, concedes that the position of Jews in American life is far more favorable than that of other minorities, the growth and character of anti-Semitism appear to him more menacing to democratic values than other prejudice because symptomatic of a social disease. He rates it so high as a menace as to identify it with Fascism in the United States, using the two words interchangeably. That there is no Fascism without anti-Semitism is doubtless true; but to make the lesser evil appear to be the whole detracts from the appraisal.

The analysis of anti-Semitism as the evidence of a sick, competitive, undemocratic society seeking a scapegoat in the Jews, of course, brings Mr. McWilliams to an equally sweeping remedy. Only the wholesale reorganization of society on a non-competitive basis will suffice. Mr. McWilliams does not mention the Soviet Union, yet that is the favored example of those who voice his remedy. He deals with anti-Semitism in Germany and Czarist Russia; the omission of any reference to the Soviet dispensation is striking.

For the more practical immediate steps Mr. McWilliams advances chiefly the utility of laws against discrimination, citing with warm approval the recent recommendations of the President's Committee on Civil Rights, the proposals of the Human Rights Commission of the UN, and other legislative supports of equality before the law. He thinks little of most of the efforts for education, tolerance, interracial and intercultural cooperation, and anti-defamation. He would penalize anti-Semitism in its organized expressions but he does not rate penalties high. He yearns most eagerly for a vital force for equality in the dream of a "great, special camp" of all the democratic forces in the United States.

This surely is the long and wishful view of American democracy, as is his view of capitalist transformation. But long and wishful views are tonic to the discussion of so stubborn and ancient a social problem.

Checkered Society

LOST BOUNDARIES. By W. L. White. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 91 pp. $1.50.

Reviewed by HAL BORLAND

THERE is a strange emotional story behind the calm, factual account which W. L. White has written in "Lost Boundaries," and I am almost convinced that it is the unwritten story that is the more important.

The story Mr. White tells is that of the Johnston family, father, mother, and three children, who lived in a small New England town. The father was a country doctor. The eldest boy, Albert Jr., was a star pupil and athlete in high school. Then war came and the father attempted to enlist in the Navy. It seemed he was to get a commission, as he deserved. The Navy investigated, found that he had Negro blood, and rejected him.

Then the parents told Albert, Jr., the facts which they had kept so long hidden. Both father and mother came from Negro families. Both were so light in color that they readily passed as white. They had forsaken their Negro background years ago and made a respected, prosperous place for themselves beyond the color line. There it was. They were all Negroes.

Nothing had changed outwardly. Even when word of the Negro blood spread through the community, practically no doors closed to the Johnstons. But inwardly the whole world came down around young Albert's staggering shoulders. And here is the part of the story that must be read between the lines, for Mr. White tells only the facts. Young Albert began to segregate himself, to watch fearfully for prejudice.

He found it, of course. He went into an emotional breakdown. Then he set out to identify himself with Negro America. He went to visit relatives he had never seen, reaching for roots and stability in Negro life. He failed to find them, in Cleveland, in Chicago, in Los Angeles. For he found prejudice everywhere, not only among whites but among Negroes as well. Light-colored Negroes were prejudiced against darker ones, and the dark ones were suspicious of light-colored ones.

He returned home. He had not found peace or complete understanding, but he had seen some of the background of his problem. He entered the University of New Hampshire, and there he made his choice. At a seminar on the Negro problem, he announced that he had Negro blood.

The assumption is that here is tragedy, perhaps high tragedy. Mr. White has avoided the theatrical, the overwrought drama that has marked most of the fiction on this subject. There is no sensationalism here. It is straight reporting, and excellent reporting, of what happens to a young man, to a whole family, when the minority problem comes down out of the realm of theory to possess one as a person.

The strange fact is that what happens is intensely personal rather than social. And here again one must read between the lines. The community where young Albert Johnston had grown up had long suspected Negro blood in the family, but had held no prejudice, accepting all the Johnstons at their own evaluation, taking them for what they were as people. Then the Johnstons changed, and there was a slight but inevitable change in those around them.

Those who would have us believe that any minority problem lies wholly in the attitudes of the majority ignore this factor. Once a minority, group or individual, sets itself apart and becomes acutely conscious of its minority status, even the most generous majority tends to recognize the difference. That is not the whole of the problem, by any means; but it is a factor too seldom recognized. Perhaps in writing this brief, simple account of one family, with so much to be read beyond the statement of the words, Mr. White has contributed a great deal to eventual understanding.

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Fiction.

A few weeks ago, while discussing "The American Language, Supplement II," H. L. Mencken decried current fiction as too largely propagandistic and hence, to put it charitably, scarcely destined for the classics shelf. On the other hand, Dumas Malone, author of "Jefferson, the Virginian," applauds a great vitality in American writing in the last fifteen years, although he is convinced that attacks from without—on race problems, for instance,—contrarily strengthen local support of fellows like Talmadge. But, he adds, "Anyone who has thought his stuff through is going to write pretty well." This week's novels skirt any overt social message in favor of an impersonal, this-is-the-way-it-was (or was-not, in the case of "Pathetic Symphony" and "Clovis") technique—and, should the reader be so inclined, he may sigh.

A Mirage of the Desert

I NEVER SAW AN ARAB LIKE HIM. By James Maxwell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 207 *pp.* $2.50.

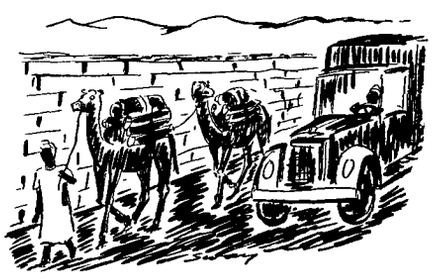
Reviewed by JOHN HORNE BURNS

OF THE thirteen stories in this volume, six have previously appeared in *The New Yorker*. Ordinarily the editorial standards of this magazine make for a neatly confected *petit four* appealing to the weekly connoisseur of appetizing intellectual *hors d'oeuvres*. But in the case of James Maxwell, his pastry surpasses the palate of the ephemeral. His book is a meal. Although individual stories are tenuous or cobwebby, taken together they comprise an entity that resembles a very good short novel on the Near East. These little tales, through the reasonable and detached hand of Mr. Maxwell, pose all the problems that still chafe us today in the Palestine business.

"I Never Saw an Arab like Him" has strict unity and considerable variety, considering that it is written almost entirely in understatement, with a delicate ear for the conversation of real human beings. The action occurs in and around Tripoli in 1944-45, and the narrator is a CIC agent named Mark Dickson, remarkable for his urbanity, compassion, and decency. Everyday as well as portentous events pass before his eyes and are recorded with humor or horror in lean, graceful prose. We see the special order detailing him to duty with the ATC, and on the last page of the thirteenth story Dickson is yearning for his wife as he prepares to return to her arms from Casablanca, after V-J Day.

Mr. Maxwell writes with a miraculous economy of detail, achieving amazing effects in brief compass. We see Maria Mjrzotta, the typist, prostituting herself to airplane drivers, her domineering father regaining his status only when the Americans leave Tripoli. An English captain, convinced that Christianity and Anglo-Saxon fair play don't work with Arabs, tortures one to obtain a confession of murder. A monocled Polish aristocrat who distrusts democracy attempts suicide from his motorcycle after being cheated in a psychic attempt to get in touch with his son. An intellectual young Arab, translator of his nation's poetry, eventually ends up as a demagogue for the Arab League. Or again, Lt. Dave Goldstein, believing that Zionism is a little silly and that European Jews are different from American ones, finds himself punching the face of an Italian who passes an anti-Semitic remark.

A little masterpiece of horror is the story "Coup de Grace," in which an English captain in charge of a firing squad does an odd thing while polishing off an executed Arab. Again, Hoffenstein, who reads Arthur Koestler, is destroyed, along with his family, in reprisal by Arabs. Mark Dickson hauls off a ship frightened Italians who are being smuggled to Italy, and feels qualms for doing so. And there is a wonderful story, "Very Important Person," in which an embarrassing reporter from Kansas, named Mr. Fuller, commits gaucherie after gaucherie until he loses his lunch—a lovely emetic vengeance.



Such are the skeins that Mr. Maxwell twists and unravels in his fine book. He saw clearly two and three years ago the patterns that even now are arranging themselves in deadly phalanx. His small book has the quality of a dream that endures into reality—a mirage of the desert, in which Americans, British, French, Italians, and Arabs pass before us. They are dissolved into the dust and the sunset, but they are terrifyingly or amusingly real. One of the book's subtle excellences is that the reader does some of the work. He will find his toil rewarding.

Economic Underworld

THE TRANSIENT HOUR. By Marcel Aymé. Translated from the French by Eric Sutton. New York: A. A. Wyn. 1948. 190 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOLLIS ALPERT

"THE TRANSIENT HOUR" is the first of Marcel Aymé's works to appear in translation in this country, although he has been captivating a French public for many years with his prolific stream of novels and volumes of short stories. Much of his earlier work combined a mordant realism with a ribald kind of fantasy, but in this novel only his realism is in evidence. "The Transient Hour" deals with Parisians at a time when the rigors of the German occupation were making themselves felt, when the newly created black market was first getting its stranglehold over the French economy and entering into the daily lives of the people.

M. Aymé is an accomplished writer and the unflattering picture he presents, of the ways in which so many of the French reacted to the defeat, is made altogether convincing. The Germans are given their due, but they aren't used for the purpose of exoneration. There was a good deal of embracing of the conqueror, he shows, in both a physical and more spiritual sense. There were also those, like Pierre Michaud, who tried to hang on to the old pattern of their lives, to act as though the defeat were only temporary, to preserve dignity in the midst of ignominy.

This Pierre Michaud, a middle-aged business man, is the focal character. He is a family man who desires to respond honorably to his obligations—to keep his patriotism alive, to run his real-estate business honestly, to keep his fidelity to the wife he loves, to bring up his three children well and wholesomely. He is aware, if somewhat dimly, that all around him changes in moral

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values he has lived by all his life are undergoing tremendous onslaughts. In the midst of their collapse he tries all the more stubbornly to keep his. Michaud is an intensely human creation, made all the more so by the author's seeming detachment from his problems.

It is his son, sixteen-year-old Antoine, who causes the eventual change in Michaud. Antoine is a precocious youngster who has already been introduced to some of the ways of the black market; he can earn in a few days, by little effort, more than his father earns in a month. With his illegal earnings Antoine keeps a twenty-eight-year-old mistress in near-luxury, meanwhile experiencing twinges of conscience when he looks at the penny-pinching that goes on in his own household. Ironically, it is through Michaud's discovery of Antoine's secret activities and his attempts to return him to the family fold that his own corruption is brought about. He does succeed in parting Antoine from Yvette, manages to stop his dabbling in the black market, but in accomplishing these victories he receives his own introduction to the economic underworld. It is an easy pit to fall into, and Michaud falls.

These happenings are coalesced into a few weeks of time, but M. Aymé has an interesting way of broadening the time range of his story without interfering unduly with the dramatic tension. He makes use of author's footnotes to record the fortunes of certain of the characters through the succeeding years. These footnotes are little masterpieces in themselves, filled with shrewd, biting commentary on the way accidental events affect for good or ill the lives of individuals.

One can only admire the sheer ease with which the dramatic pattern of the story is developed. His style is clean and evocative. And minor personages, people like Yvette and Michaud's partner, Lolivier, are fully as real and vividly drawn as Michaud or Antoine. A whole host of characters is brought unobtrusively into the scheme of the work: the rich, the poor, prostitutes, and black-market businessmen. They are hardly types, but they do give the impression of being representative, and through them one is made distressingly aware of the effects of the defeat and the occupation, the moral bankruptcy they brought, perhaps only temporarily, to the French.

But there is no moralizing on the part of M. Aymé; his is a sophisticated point of view and what he offers us is matters as they appear to him. He is on his own, looking with ironic de-

(*Continued on page* 36)

Wallace.

Since he has given birth to a third party, we feel that Henry Wallace, like Dr. Kinsey, deserves a category all his own. William B. Hesseltine's "The Rise and Fall of Third Parties," published last month, gives a timely description of American minority parties. Most recent of third-party ventures was Theodore Roosevelt's "Bull Moose" campaign of 1912. T.R.—like Wallace today—led a whirlwind campaign on issues of social justice (although the crucial emphasis on foreign affairs was missing), raised a dust-storm of controversy, but succeeded only in losing the election for his party. . . . For the campaigning Wallace of today, read Dwight Macdonald's "Henry Wallace: The Man and the Myth" (reviewed in SRL *March 6). For background on Wallace the agricultural pioneer, who is now growing hybrid corn outside his New York headquarters, see last year's "The Wallaces of Iowa."*

1. Stroking a Tiger

TOWARD WORLD PEACE. By Henry Wallace. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1948. 121 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by FRANK ALTSCHUL

IN A SLENDER political tract entitled "Toward World Peace," Henry Wallace follows a time-worn pattern. If he has nothing to say that is strikingly new, he is at least unhampered by that foolish consistency which Emerson described as the hobgoblin of little minds. Possibly it is on this account that he consigns to history the task of passing judgment upon those Americans "who could never see any difference between a totalitarian Russia and a totalitarian Germany." That he should prefer the verdict of history to the verdict of his contemporaries need occasion no wonder. For only a little more than a decade ago he declared, "Communism and Fascism have a striking similarity. . . . Like war, they begin and end with physical force and their final outcome is likely to be as futile and devastating."

"The greatest danger to the United States and the world peace today," according to Mr. Wallace, lies in the tendency to obscure "real issues with false issues." Yet apart from the exhalations regularly emanating from the propagandists of the Kremlin, it would be hard to find a better example of this tendency than Mr. Wallace himself has furnished. Clearly he is no Communist; for he reveals a woeful ignorance of the fundamentals of the Communist creed. But it is none the less apparent that with all the authority of a former Vice President of the United States and a former member of the Cabinet of two Presidents, he is now engaged in peddling the party line for the confusion of the naive and the ill-informed.

It is a matter of regret, though it has long since ceased to be a matter of surprise, to find Henry Wallace echoing so faithfully the editorial column of the *Daily Worker*. He presents a totally distorted picture of the American scene. In his jaundiced view, policy is largely determined by reactionary capitalists eager to send their sons into the holocaust of war. The Administration in Washington is dominated by "the military and the men who operate those larger financial and manufacturing concerns which are vitally interested in profits . . ."—by a "Wall Street-military" clique "so obsessed with fear and hatred of Russia that it is certain, sooner or later, to make war." This has a familiar ring. According to the *Daily Worker*:

> the Wall Street dominated old parties [are] rushing for war . . . because they are afraid of the coming economic crisis. . . . They want guaranteed war profits, not a program to advance the living standard of the people. . . . They want to turn back the clock of history and drown the new People's Democracy, colonial liberation, and Socialism in a sea of blood—American blood.

Mr. Wallace shares this stereotyped enthusiasm for "the new People's Democracy, colonial liberation, and Socialism." He hopes that "America will forsake the exploiters and vie with Russia in saving the peoples of this world." And he seems untroubled by the thought that the peoples of this

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 733)

HAROLD E. STASSEN: *WHERE I STAND*

I believe that an open discussion of vital issues is wholesome and constructive for a free people and I am willing to expose my views to public debate. . . . The political fate of the advocate is incidental to the spread of ideas. . . .

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world which have so far been saved by the Red Army or by its Communist vanguard have exhibited a strange reluctance to accept salvation in this form. The callous manner in which, at a recent press conference, he dealt with the tragic suicide of Jan Masaryk, merely serves to indicate the tenacity with which he clings to his pet illusions.

Notable among these is the thesis so assiduously cultivated by the Communists that the Truman Doctrine was the cause rather than the direct consequence of our difficulties with the Soviet Union. This is an interpretation of recent history which Mr. Wallace finds it convenient first to accept and then to exploit. The menacing development of Soviet policy during the period between the adoption of the United Nations Charter at San Francisco and the formulation of the Administration program of aid to Greece and Turkey arouses in him no misgivings.

> Russia has been criticized for the part she has taken in the Balkan States and particularly for refusing to permit Western observation and supervision of the elections in those countries. I have not joined in that criticism, for the simple reason that I know if the shoe were on the other foot . . . we would act as Russia has, if not more drastically. . . . Russia simply will not permit us to run the politics of that area no matter what was said at Yalta.

It is only right, in other words, that the Soviet Union should feel free to violate its solemn commitment as if it were just another "scrap of paper."

This is but one example selected from many of the readiness of Mr. Wallace to sacrifice principle on the altar of fancied expediency. Presumably he has forgotten the admonition of Franklin Delano Roosevelt: "No man can tame a tiger into a kitten by stroking it." For he has written an authentic handbook on the stroking of tigers. His program for peace is little more than a plea for capitulation to the most extreme Soviet demands. Seemingly unaware of the challenge offered by an aggressive and advancing Russian imperialism to the most fundamental beliefs and aspirations of the Western World, he indulges in a veritable orgy of appeasement. But to those who still attach overriding importance to the freedom of the individual he offers the prospect of no peace more inviting than the peace of the tomb.

Frank Altschul, author of "Let No Wave Engulf Us," is president of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation and director of The Council of Foreign Relations.

2. *"Party of Hope"*

TOWARD WORLD PEACE. By Henry A. Wallace. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1948. 121 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by SAUL K. PADOVER

THIS is a campaign book, a fighting pamphlet, a call to action. It is 121 pages of dynamite.

I have rarely read a book that is so quotable, so glowing with a righteous cause. It is packed with true observations and frequently rises to heights of eloquence.

Much in "Toward World Peace" is in the great tradition of American political writing. Again and again certain Wallace phrases reminded me of the letters of Jefferson, the pamphlets of Paine, and the anti-slavery speeches of Lincoln. I am not comparing Henry Wallace to any of these men; I am only saying that he frequently sounds like them. He does not have Jefferson's philosophic coolness or Lincoln's devastating logic, but what he lacks in depth and cogency he makes up in moral fervor. Wallace does not try, at least in this book, to propound systems based upon cold reason. He is a man afire with a crusade for peace and plenty in the world, and he makes his points with hammer blows.

His thoughts are sparks, and, like sparks, difficult to sum up. If I understand him correctly, this is what he says:

People all over the world are crying for a share of the good things of life. They get sympathy from the Russians but not from the Americans, who tend to identify themselves with foreign exploiters, money men, and military men. Americans do not realize the nature of the world crisis, nor that unplanned capitalism must lead to depression, and depression to war. This is particularly tragic today because the United States is the richest and most powerful country on earth. Instead of working for peace, for an understanding with Russia, for one-world, the United States is embarking upon militarism at home and war abroad. Instead of billions for peaceful reconstruction, the United States is undermining the peace of the world with the Truman Doctrine and with the support of reaction in Greece, Turkey, and China.

Wallace proposes that the United States help the world through a Reconstruction Fund to be administered by a strengthened United Nations. Five billion dollars a year for ten years, he says, would be a small price to pay for peace. "In no case will the cost be as great as war." Moreover, that amount of money would result in undreamt-of productivity and develop great foreign areas which have untapped resources. This, in Wallace's eyes, would be a boon both for expanding American capitalism and world prosperity.

For his own New Party—which he speaks of as the "party of hope"—Wallace advocates a nine-point program: (1) Freedom of expression without fear. (2) Peace with Russia. (3) Elimination of Wall Street-militaristic control of the government. (4) Lower prices. (5) Repeal of the Taft-Hartley law (why does he refer to it as "Act"?). (6) Control of business monopoly. (7) A social welfare program, including a $100-a-month old-age pension. (8) Federal aid to education. (9) Government planning to eliminate the business cycle and unemployment.

(*Continued on page* 63)

"My wife wins 'em on radio programs, and I sell 'em."

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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On Acquiring a Soul

I FOUND my friend the Connecticut farmer in his apple orchard, carefully and tenderly fingering the buds on the end of a low branch.

Not much time was consumed on the usual pleasantries. Very suddenly but casually he said, "I've been worrying about your soul. Now you needn't look so frightened. I've been worrying about my own soul, too. In fact, I've been worrying about all our souls."

Like an obedient Timaeus responding to a challenging opening statement on a metaphysical theme by Socrates, I made the appropriate murmuring sound of "Um-mmm?" with a sufficient rising inflection to indicate my respectful attention and interest.

"Didn't you happen to see that news item the other day about the Congressman who said that war is inevitable with Russia because the Godless Russians have no souls? Well, he advised the Russians to get themselves some souls; until then, there would be no use even in trying to talk to them.

"I wrote to that Congressman and asked him just how you go about getting a soul if you don't happen to have one handy. Listening to him speak, it almost sounded like as though it were a spare part you could acquire by looking through the index of a mail-order catalogue.

"Seriously, I hope he can come up with an answer, for there's a real soul shortage going around these days —and I have a hunch that it may not be localized.

"You know," he said, "you're not a very good conversationalist. You're supposed to interrupt at this point and ask me just what I'm driving at. At the very least, you could ask me what I mean by soul."

I nodded apologetically. "Yes, of course," I said, "just what is this all about?"

"Well, after I read that news item, I got to thinking about the soul in its relation to the business of making the peace. I'd try to define the soul at this point except that Emerson gave me a good excuse for not doing so when he said that the more you thought about the soul, the greater the difficulty of defining it—and also the smaller the need for defining it.

"Let's take it on the religious level first. Our friend the Congressman seemed to be saying this: if only the Russians could believe in God and religion as the Americans do, then the world might be all right.

"This raises some interesting questions: how do we rate as a model? When we say America is a Christian nation, just what do we mean? If we mean that a good many people go to church on Sunday, yes, I guess maybe we are a Christian nation. But if we mean that we are all guided by Christian principles in our everyday life, and in our dealing with the rest of the world, then I'm not so sure.

"Let's take our friend the Congressman for example. Let us suppose he decided, like the central character in Sheldon's 'In His Steps,' to do nothing that Christ would not have done. Let us suppose that he accepted literally the Sermon on the Mount as Gospel and decided to live out his life according to the Golden Rule. Let us suppose that he decided that his every action would reflect applied Christianity.

"How far do you think he would get? Seriously, now? How long do you think it would be before they marked him down as a crackpot or subversive?

"Suppose he would attempt to invoke truly Christian doctrine as the sole guide to domestic and foreign policy. Suppose each time he got up to speak he did it in the spirit of Psalms CV.22 [. . . 'to teach his Senators wisdom.']? Suppose he were to quote from the Sermon in deploring the evil of profit-grabbing and high-pressure lobbying for high prices? Suppose he were to express his sense of the grotesque disparity between Christ's abhorrence of materialism and the American obsession with the dollar? ['Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth . . . but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven']?

"And can you imagine what the uproar would be if he implored our State Department to deal with Russia according to Christ's own precepts—if he urged us to win over Russia through benevolence and brotherliness? Suppose he were to urge that we love our enemies and 'bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you. . . .'

"Now, mind you, I'm not urging anything. Maybe the world isn't ready for true Christianity; I dunno. All I know is that we look pretty awkward sometimes when we strike a pose before the world as the executor of Christ's will.

"What about the large church membership? All right, what about it? Come with me to a nice, respectable church for nice, respectable people. Look around you for persons of somewhat darker skin. How welcome do you think they would be in the midst of people who would feel awfully uncomfortable in the presence of God if they had to brush elbows with the janitor's colored assistant or with the elevator man? I assume that all these nice, respectable people believe in the concept of soul. I wonder if they believe there are restrictive covenants in

Lullaby

By Hassoldt Davis

OUR cousin, the moon, on a golden morning.
our moon which is blackened and ripe as a plum,
our moon with the grin of a cretin will turn
a bare cheek to us, once we are gone.

Watch from your shallows this golden morning,
the moon, the black disk of it, dwindling;
count the one spark in the hair of the night
and fly from the world of its kindling.

Here is your ghost for a golden morning,
A virginal moon and as black as hell.
Save us the sun as a penny to place
on our eyes, the bright pennies of hell.

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heaven which protect the lighter hued souls from direct association with the darker?

"Let's consider for a moment the question of the group soul, or a group conscience, as it concerns all Americans acting as a nation. What do you think happened to our soul at Hiroshima—especially in view of the flat admission later by high military officials that there was no military justification for the bombing and that the war was won without it? And if there was justification for Hiroshima, how about Nagasaki?

"And if we believe the quality of mercy is not strained, how do you account for all the dawdling and doodling before getting through an adequate relief program for Europe? Three years now since the end of the war. We abolish the UNRRA, saying the job is about done; then we say the job isn't done, but take almost a year before we square away to do it. And what happens to the millions of people who have to live in the meanwhile?

"No, I'm not griping. I've just been wondering whether we know that the struggle between the United States and Russia won't be decided by either nation, but by the billion and a half people outside both nations. And I've been wondering how long it is going to be before we understand that no amount of armament will give us security unless we can find it in our bones or in our stars to come up with some real moral leadership.

"But these aren't popular ideas these days. And I'm afraid popularity for too many people means conforming—and conforming means not only playing it safe but suspecting anyone who doesn't conform. You know — and I'm not being sacrilegious — I actually believe that if Christ were alive today he'd be hailed before the un-American Activities Committee.

"I can see from that adding-machine look in your eye that you wonder just what all this amounts to. I'm not sure I know myself. Except perhaps this. That maybe old Montaigne called the turn on it all when he wrote that 'on the most exalted throne in the world we are still seated on nothing but our arse.'" N. C.

Bookmarks

THERE was a time, not so long ago, when many slick-paper writers were shying away from "he said" and "she said" as if those simple and honest locutions were poison ivy, and substituting therefor overvivid descriptive verbs that distracted the reader's attention from the dialogue to the manner of its reporting —and that is terribly bad writing. The passion has largely spent itself, but enough practitioners of the anti-said school are still flourishing, in a manner of speaking, to cause us some mild concern. We therefore took a modest sampling of a few old-timers —Scott, Cooper, Hawthorne, Poe, O. Henry—to see how they had managed the business. We took the first chapter of one novel, and the second of each of two others because they were the first to contain dialogue, and two short stories complete. The box score:

"Ivanhoe," Chapter I: *Said,* 9; *answered,* 5; *quoth,* 1; *demanded,* 1; *rejoined,* 1.

"The Last of the Mohicans," Chapter II: *Said,* 6; *returned,* 4; *answered,* 2; *asked,* 2; *demanded,* 2; *exclaimed,* 2; *inquired,* 1; *replied,* 1; *cried,* 1; *continued,* 1.

"The Scarlet Letter," Chapter II: *Said,* 2; *cried,* 2; *added,* 1; *interposed,* 1; *exclaimed,* 1; *remarked,* 1; *muttered,* 1; *whispered,* 1.

"The Purloined Letter": *Said,* 41; *replied,* 10; *asked,* 7; *continued,* 3; *observed,* 2; *roared,* 1; *interposed,* 1; *suggested,* 1; *exclaimed,* 1; *reasoned,* 1.

"The Gift of the Magi": *Said,* 9; *asked,* 2; *cried,* 2.

Said has sixty-seven of 130 votes cast—a slim but authentic majority. Its closest competitors, *asked* and *replied,* a pretty redoubtable team, have only eleven each.

* * *

Least Biblical, certainly, of all household-word Biblical quotations is "filthy lucre." See I Timothy iii, 3.

For several years we have been wondering, in a vague, purposeless way, if it were possible to shrug anything besides one's shoulders, or to place anything akimbo other than one's arms. We finally got around to consulting the Oxford English Dictionary about the matter, and now have the answers. They are no. To shrug, says the O.E.D., is "to raise (and contract) the shoulders, esp. as an expression of disdain, indifference, disclaiming responsibility, etc." Of akimbo it reports: "Of the arms: In a position in which the hands rest on the hips and the elbows are turned outwards." Akimbo, over the centuries, has appeared as *in kenebowe, a kemball, a kenbol, a-gambo,* and in other similarly cockeyed variants. You might want to know how these words got started. So did we. Shrug is "of obscure origin." Akimbo? "Deriv. unknown." That settles that.

J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Poland, Democracy and Haven

SIR: The interesting review by Fred M. Hechinger of Arthur Bliss Lane's book "I Saw Poland Betrayed" [*SRL* Mar. 6] contains two grave mistakes concerning Polish history. One of them is: ". . . democracy had not been among Polish traditions." Mr. Hechinger apparently takes into account only the last thirteen years of prewar Poland when democracy was limited, disregarding her thousand-year-long history. It is, therefore, to be stated that Poland was, from the sixteenth century on, one of the oldest parliamentary states in Europe and her modern constitution of 1791 one of the most progressive and democratic at that time. After World War I Poland continued to preserve her democratic traditions until the coup of Pilsudski in 1926.

Another mistake is contained in the sentence: ". . . the current Government *for the first time in Polish history*, has declared discrimination [against Jews] a punishable crime." Mr. Hechinger here again ignores the well known fact that Poland has been since the thirteenth century a haven for Jews persecuted in other parts of Europe and that they enjoyed autonomy and religious liberty throughout the existence of the old Polish state. As early as in 1573 the so-called Act of the General Confederation of Warsaw proclaimed officially full liberty of all "dissidents" (non-Catholic denominations) and condemned discrimination of any kind. So Poland does not have to be ashamed of her traditions.

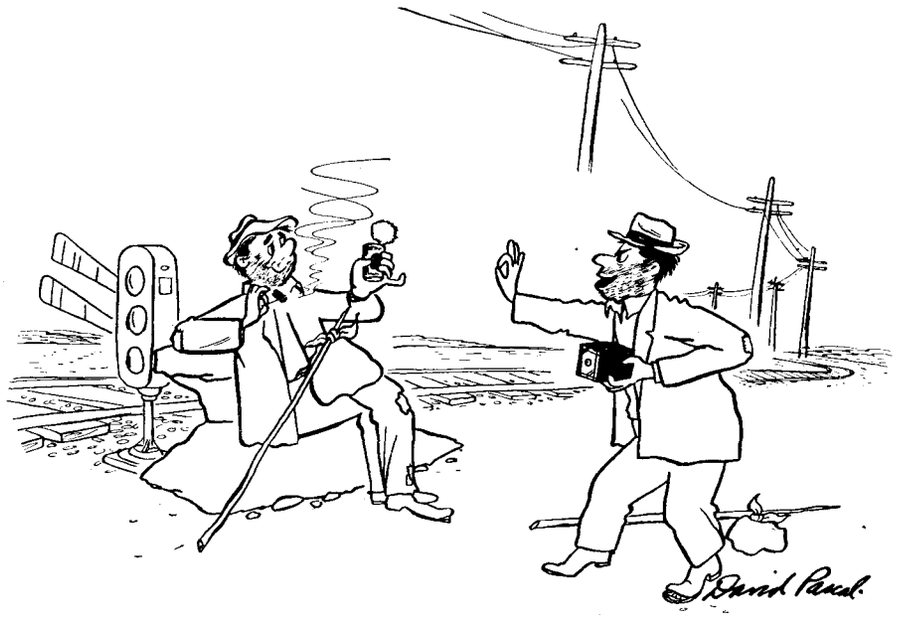
MANFRED KRIDL.

Smith College
Northampton, Mass.

SIR: Like so many misunderstandings of these confused and confusing times, Professor Kridl's objection to my statement concerning Polish democracy seems to stem from our current failure to define more clearly the words we use. I gladly own up to neglect on my part. But while Professor Kridl's facts on Poland's constitutional history are entirely correct, it should be added that the structure and limitations of Polish society kept the country far removed from our conception of democracy. Surely the popular basis of democracy in a feudal or semi-feudal society is rather narrow.

As the originator of the term "democracy," the Greeks undoubtedly can lay claim to the democratic tradition. Yet nobody would assert that the caste system of Greek society permitted democracy in the country of its birth to satisfy our requirements of a government by and for all the people.

It would seem to me that the Polish people's unanimity on such measures as the land reform is a dead give-away concerning popular power in Poland's past. Unless a rather unrepresentative (and therefore undemocratic) ruling element had been able to perpetuate its own social and political order with comparatively little outside interference, it should be difficult to explain the sudden, unified objection to that order.



"Voilà! Un Homme Distingué!"

I heartily agree that "Poland does not have to be ashamed of her traditions." No more than we need be ashamed of the days when our women had no vote; or the countries of Central Europe of the "divine rights" period; or perhaps even the church of the inquisition. A country need no more be ashamed of the various phases of its natural development than I am of the past stages of evolution. Yet I cannot find among those Polish historical phases the traditions from which popular democracy could be expected to spring.

As for the question of Poland's record of discrimination against, and persecution of, Jews, historical data cannot offset the long list of outrages which seemed to meet with little active opposition on the part of the governments. The "full liberty of all 'dissidents'," proclaimed officially in 1573 subsequently was often confined to within ghetto walls. And while discrimination had been "condemned" in the past, it has only now been entered in the statutes as a punishable crime.

All this is not written in defense of the present Polish police state, which I detest. My point is that we might have helped the Polish people more effectively in their search for real democracy, had we not tried to make ourselves believe that democracy was to be found in a return to the *status quo* of the regimes between the wars.

FRED M. HECHINGER.

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Mad Like a Panty-Waist

SIR: I was a bit disturbed over *SRL*'s decision Jan. 3 in opposition to a correspondent, that "human" may be used as a noun because a dictionary [Editor's Note: three] and the editor of *SRL* said so. We, the readers, look to our literary bible to keep the language clean. I am no purist but I do not like to see careless usage become good form too quickly. Are O. K., bobby soxer, and toots already good English?

But the word which disturbs me most is "intrigue," used by some *SRL* writers to mean fascinate. As both noun and verb, intrigue implies scheming in an underhanded way; in short, it involves intrigue. I admit that a secret amour is intrigue and yet may be quite fascinating, but I doubt if this justifies the usage to which the word is now put by every debutante who is intrigued with this and that. So typical is the word, in its wrong sense, of the conversation of society women that I invariably feel a man who uses it to be a bit of a "panty waist." Shall we add this word too? I'm simply "mad" about it. Many words come into a language for a while and pass out. Who among today's youth knows the words of our youth, flapper and jitney, for example?

WILLIAM SEIFRIZ.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Pathways to Psychosis?

SIR: To pass judgment on the works of Dr. Carl G. Jung requires more than a "glance at his bibliography," as suggested by Philip Wylie [*SRL* Feb. 21]. One must penetrate the mist of Jung's pseudo-mysticism and the murk of his obscurantism; wade through the slime of his pro-Nazism and anti-Semitism; study the pattern and *purposes* of his irrationalism.

In Mr. Wylie's above-quoted letter he flings the question, "Who's loony now?" As one who has plodded through the muddle of "An Essay on Morals"—which Mr. Wylie dedicated to Dr. Jung—may I contribute an opinion? Wylie's *magnum opus* does not carry an appropriate name. It should have been titled "Pathways to Psychosis or Going My Way."

RALPH D. CURRIE.

New York, N. Y.

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THESE ARE symbols of good reading. Some of them have become familiar, some of them will be used to identify books not yet published. How many of them do you recognize, and how many of the books which they represent have you read? Perhaps among those still unfamiliar to you there is a book you would not willingly miss.

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The account of his stewardship is told modestly and very winningly in LETTER FROM GROSVENOR SQUARE. AN EDITOR suggested the title for this symbol, and when the author had read it all, he generously offered her the status of collaborator. I NEVER SAW AN ARAB LIKE HIM tells only part of Mark Dickson's story, however, for he met a great many people whom you will want to meet too, in the polyglot city of Tripoli. This book is the kind of fiction that is truer than the "facts" in the Arab-Jew conflict in the Near East. THE DOORWAY of a house in a very desirable section of Boston. Cleo Judson will buy the house — or persuade her husband, the "Black Banana King", to buy it for her. It's only a temporary solution, however, for Cleo's story is tinged with a bitter irony belying its slogan—THE LIVING IS EASY. CLEO, JUST ABOVE, left the South young. That's not the solution for most Negroes, however, and David Cohn, master raconteur, investigates the reason by putting Greenville, Mississippi, under the microscope. Ten years ago the first section of this book was published with the title "God Shakes Creation". The story is brought up to date in a longer, new section, and this symbol will identify WHERE I WAS BORN AND RAISED. THIS IS a threshold. Crossing it may mean security, or reluctant rescue; it may mean a marriage of convenience or a love affair; it may mean school, a new language, the frenetic life of a huge city. Traditionally and actually it means freedom. This poignant novel will introduce several women you'll like immensely — all the more for meeting them posed on THE THRESHOLD of entrance into America. THIS IS a symbol that recurs in the advertising pages of *The Saturday Review*. In this review and preview of Houghton Mifflin books we present a list that, we believe, has everything for every mood and inclination.

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tachment at the changing and changeless elements of the stream of contemporary life in his Paris. There is no allying him to the schools of Sartre or Camus, for all philosophies, he seems to say, whether of idealism or materialism or despair, seem to lead just nowhere. And it is perhaps because of this seeming purposelessness that he does not give the impression of being a major writer of our time, in spite of his nature and remarkable ability. However, there is no gainsaying the fact that "The Transient Hour" is a highly readable, even a fascinating work of fiction.

Searchlight Troop

THE EDGE OF THE NIGHT. By John Prebble. New York: William Sloane Assocs. 1948. 325 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MAXWELL GEISMAR

WE ARE TOLD that the simultaneous publication of this novel in England and the United States marks the emergence of a young novelist of major importance. I can't quite say this about Mr. Prebble; I'm not even sure that I can spot a major novelist until he has finished a body of major work. But this is surely a fresh and interesting young novelist whose work seems less abstract and verbal than the current volumes of the established English intellectuals, and for three quarters of the way at least "The Edge of the Night" is one of the best war novels to come forth as yet on either side of the Atlantic.

The reason for this is very simple, after the novelist has presented it. Even such accomplished tales as "The Gallery" or "The Steeper Cliff" (and the level of war novels has risen steadily in the last year) are still thematic in structure; given the thesis or point of view, everything else seems to develop from it, and that is one reason why we may forget these novels, too. In Mr. Prebble's account of a searchlight troop, in Holland and Germany, during the last year of the war, the action takes place on different levels, the point of view is multiple, the human content of the novel isn't always confined to a literary mold.

There is the account of the military campaign up to the left bank of the Rhine, in what appears to correspond to the Arnheim push and the struggle for Roermund during the winter of 1944-45. (The descriptions of military operations, the weather, the seasons of the year, have a wonderful sense of lyricism; the staging of the war is very often beautiful to watch as compared with the despairing state of mind, the miserable living conditions of the men who are fighting the war.) There are the moments of tension: a group of men in combat, or on reconnaisance, or being shelled. There are the group relationships of "normal" life; the curious friendships, alliances, feuds, or group persecutions, the sense of exhaustion, shock, fatigue, the sudden explosion of a temperament under strain, the accents of sadism or malice as well as the episodes of heroism, generosity, or affection. Finally, there are the private lives of each member of the troop who is described here. For the edge of darkness in Mr. Prebble's novel is not only the area beyond which the enemy forces lie, but that which his central figures are also pushing back inside themselves. "What we found wasn't always pleasant, but we had to see it."

Around these things, too, are the songs, the jokes, the raw muttering of the Cockneys, a sort of obscene Greek chorus which reflects, as Mr. Prebble says, the indifference of men completely at the mercy of greater forces than themselves and yet preserving "a stubborn independence which refused to be uniformed." And the real achievement of "The Edge of the Night" is that all the disparate elements in the story are joined together in one continuously flowing narrative, just as they are joined in experience.

Probably this is done at some cost of character delineation. Captain Waithman, the commanding officer, is an advertising man who enjoys his military status and begins to disintegrate as victory approaches. Lieutenant Smith is despised by the troop not so much for his inefficiency as for his obese and comic body. Corporal Michaels's sense of security and self-respect comes from the fact that, unlike the Lieutenant, he trusts and enjoys his own physical reactions; fighting the war is almost another sensuous emotion. Along with the other central figures in "The Edge of the Night," these are acute portraits in their own context, but they haven't quite enough psychological intensity or dramatic validity to emerge as complete literary identities.

The final section of the novel, dealing with the Britishers in occupied Germany, also loses some of the tension in the main narrative; the ex-Nazis are rather boring. When it is good, though, "The Edge of the Night" is very good indeed, and deserves the attention of American as well as English readers.

The Life Wish

SILENT CHILDREN. By Mai Mai Sze. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 189 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

THE CITY across the river from where the children were encamped was in desperate straits. The only strong people in it were the men with guns and those who hoarded food to sell at high profits. No one in this city, which could not be located on any map and yet might exist in any part of the globe today, knew or cared

Marcel Aymé—not allied "to the schools of Sartre and Camus."

John Prebble—"less abstract and verbal" than current English intellectuals.

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Q

J D W

B R

The New Shakespeare

The New Shakespeare, often called The New Cambridge Shakespeare, was inaugurated in 1921, to provide for scholars and general readers a complete recension of the text of Shakespeare, based on the originals, and prepared in accordance with the findings of modern Shakespearean scholarship. Each volume contains an introduction, notes and glossary, a stage history of the play, and a frontispiece.

The physical design of the books was entrusted to BRUCE ROGERS, the celebrated American typographer and book designer. Under the joint editorship of Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH and JOHN DOVER WILSON the fourteen Comedies were published.

The Histories and Tragedies are now being edited by Mr Dover Wilson, and it is hoped that the whole series will be completed in the not too distant future. The two latest plays to be published, Henry V and Macbeth, are of more than usual interest to readers in general.

HENRY V

"THE Cambridge University Press Shakespeare, edited by John Dover Wilson and the late Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, grows play by play, slowly and satisfactorily, towards completion. The volumes are light in the hand, their typography and binding are a joy to lovers of simplicity, and their surviving editor is one of the best men in his field. Fortified by knowledge he is also strong in opinion, and an eloquent advocate of his own convictions. Other scholars may and do disagree with some of these, but they disagree unwarily if they are not as well-weaponed as their opponent."

MACBETH

"WHILE it furnishes the ordinary reader with a remarkably attractive edition of a mighty tragedy, it furnishes scholars with grist for long arguments, most of which can never be conclusive. Dr Wilson moves boldly among thorny textual problems, but his courage is reinforced by such a body of Elizabethan and Jacobean learning as few men command . . .
The notes in the present edition are copious, informative, stimulating; the glossary could hardly be better; and the stage history, supplied by C. B. Young, is full and interesting."

Both the above comments were written by Ben Ray Redman in the *Saturday Review of Literature.* Mr Redman has added "Speaking generally of the Cambridge Shakespeare I can only agree with Robert Lynd, who has declared: 'No more attractive edition of Shakespeare's plays has ever been issued for the general reader'."

Owing to current shortages in England eleven volumes, indicated by an asterisk below, are temporarily out of print. Only a small stock is available of most of the volumes, but a fair quantity is on hand of Henry V and Macbeth. All volumes are priced at $2.50 each.

*The Tempest**
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*Measure for Measure**
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*The Merchant of Venice**
*As You Like It**
*The Taming of the Shrew**
*All's Well that Ends Well**
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—Alfredo Valente.

My Current Reading

Virginia Kirkus, owner-director of the Virginia Kirkus Bookshop Service, is a professional reader. With her small staff she supplies critical surveys of the forthcoming books for bookstores all over the country. Since we caught Miss Kirkus on vacation, her list below represents a mixture of reading for pleasure, of "must" reading among the books about to be published (Bromfield, Laski, Arnold), and of books she took along "for the sheer joy of reading something I wanted to read—and didn't have to read."

RED PLUSH, *by Guy McCrone (Farrar, Straus)*

THE GALLERY, *by John Horne Burns (Harper)*

SKI WITH SVERRE, *by M. M. Atwater (New Directions)*

ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN PEACE AND WAR, *by Henry Stimson and McGeorge Bundy (Harper)*

PUT YOURSELF IN MARSHALL'S PLACE, *by James P. Warburg (Simon & Schuster)*

Forthcoming Books

MALABAR FARM, *by Louis Bromfield (Harper)*

EVERYBODY SLEPT HERE, *by Elliott Arnold (Duell, Sloan & Pearce)*

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, *by Harold J. Laski (Viking)*

JUST AROUND THE CORNER, *by Stuart Brock (Mill)*

NO POCKETS IN SHROUDS, *by Louisa Revell (Macmillan)*

how the children came to live on the opposite bank. It was said that "the little rats" lived by the jungle law, stealing and killing and snarling over spoils brought back from their forays into the city. As the children grew more hungry, they grew more daring until the city recognized the danger of the children's existence. Then one of the children discovered the secret hoard of food; that was the beginning of trouble.

Mai Mai Sze tells her heartbreaking story so dispassionately that we sometimes wonder what it is that prevents us from crying aloud at all the pain and suffering in these pages. There can be few books today which have such emotional impact on the reader and yet are written with such a cool detachment. Certainly Mai Mai Sze's method of understatement puts terrific demands on the reader's sensibilities. Still, there are flashes of color and sunlight in her book, for Mai Mai Sze never allows us to forget that she is writing about children. They are instinctive creatures, living from day to day, as the "wise ancients" have always counseled us to do. Even in the midst of their plight, searching for food, she does not overlook the elements of the fantastic, the nonsensical, and the humorous in their special world. Their dreams are more wonderful than anything they have ever experienced. None of the children, including the older ones, can see the past altogether clearly. But all of them stand out in their separate loneliness with a breathtaking reality. There is Solen, age fifteen, the statesman of the group; Mulla, the girl who showers all her maternal love on an abandoned baby whose lifeless form she carries about with her despite the protests of the others; Rull, the aggressor, who enjoys danger and meets with violence when he raids the city's food hoard; Lal, who makes herself dizzy recapturing memories of wondrous meals in the days when she lived in a big house; Vara, who protects the little deaf-mute girl, and who is capable of powerful feelings and great fortitude; and Jolo, who saw the leaders die and assumes leadership without recognizing it.

These children have the "kernel of life" inside of them—that unconscious force that drives them forward without knowing what the future holds—observes Lo, the Chinese doctor, who comes as a stranger among them. "What was this will to live, how did it apply to these children," he asks himself. Could it be that they possessed more stamina than the adults because they had not lived long enough to identify their experiences with pain and misery?

It does not occur to Jolo "to ask why some like him were fated to be homeless and hungry while others remained safe and healthy. . . . Within him, he cried out at the elements of chance and circumstance as earlier he had questioned the coming of death, and the presence of pain." But when death visits their camp as it often does among the weak and the sick, Jolo questions it, remembering that once he had believed that only very old people died:

> Perhaps we are, he told himself, and do not know that we have grown old. Some old people look like children and some children look like old people. Perhaps being tired is to be old; and we are tired. Are we going to die? What is it to die? How does it feel? Does one know when death is coming?

But then fear is supplanted in the child's mind by revelation. "In the presence of death it was the living who became the helpless ones and the dead seemed almost to assume a supercilious air."

Perhaps the urgency of the ideas expressed in this allegorical novel may dwarf the story which Mai Mai Sze unfolds for us, but even on this level she shows extreme feeling for dramatic incident and a firm grasp of the art of keeping a narrative moving with suspense, color, and pace. This is not so much a grim history of our moral negligence, or a biting indictment of the modern world's responsibility for the war's dispossessed children, as it is a poignant commentary on the instinct to live, the tough instinct of survival in humanity that burns on despite demarcation lines on maps, and quarreling nations.

Tchaikowsky Fable

PATHETIC SYMPHONY. By Klaus Mann. New York: Allen, Towne & Heath, Inc. 1948. 346 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GRETCHEN FINLETTER

A NOVEL may be any story that the imagination of an author can create, successful to the extent he can convince his readers of the reality of his characters and the truth of his situations. When a writer uses people who have lived and were well known and describes actual events in their lives, but superimposes situations and conversations of his own invention, he treads on thin ice.

Mr. Mann calls his book a novel about Tchaikowsky. In his novel the emphasis is laid on the abnormality of Tchaikowsky in his relationships with other men, and the struggle of a genius misunderstood by the normal. The title refers to the great sixth symphony, the "Pathétique," the "program" or meaning of which Tchaikowsky would never disclose and which he finished shortly before his death. Mr. Mann gives the meaning of this symphony as the declaration of Tchaikowsky's unrequited love for his nephew, and his yearning for

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A Report on "The KINSEY REPORT"

Because of the unusual success of "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male" (frequently referred to as the Kinsey Report), and because of the widespread publicity it is receiving, we feel that a Publishers' Report would be most timely and of special interest to the literary world.

Believing—and with complete conviction—this book to be an important forward stride toward realization of a healthier and more objective sex education program, we have considered it one of the responsibilities of the publisher to tell interested groups—in factual, unemotional words—what the book is, what it aims to accomplish, and why it constitutes reading that may be of importance to them. This we have done through our advertising program, and will continue to do.

This statement, then, aims to recount some of the highlights in the conception, preparation and publishing of the book and to set down answers to certain questions that have arisen.

As most people know, the book is based on surveys made by Members of the Staff of Indiana University and supported by the National Research Council's Committee for Research on Problems of Sex by means of funds contributed by the Medical Division of the Rockefeller Foundation.

HOW THIS RESEARCH STARTED AND WHY — This research began nearly 10 years ago when Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, Professor of Zoology at Indiana University, recognized how really little scientific knowledge existed about human sexual behavior, and decided to do something about it.

Dr. Kinsey determined that his study would be completely factual—absolutely objective—and free of moral bias or taboos. His aim was to uncover what human sex behavior is, without regard for what it should or should not be. The book follows this premise in every way.

In brief, what Dr. Kinsey has done is to produce, and for the first time, a far-reaching and intensive analysis of the differences in patterns of male sexual behavior according to social, economic and age levels. The book is, in itself, an outstanding example of the application of statistical analyses by means of stratified sampling to a problem in human behavior.

AUTHENTICITY—It is especially significant that Dr. Kinsey's methods have been searchingly examined by authorities for the Division of Medical Sciences of the National Research Council and approved with the statement that "the statistical methods follow sound current practice and are fully adequate within the limits stated by Dr. Kinsey in his book" . . . that "the use of the so-called 'stratified' sampling method . . . accords with the usual practice in similar problems in public health statistics and population studies" . . . and that "the results of the Kinsey study are as reliable mathematically as those of other current publications in biology and medical science."

Why was a medical publisher selected, has been a question asked many times. The answer is obvious. This is a scientific book written by scientists. It is a book in which sex phenomena of human beings have been studied as a biologist would examine biological phenomena, and the evidence secured has been offered from the scientist's viewpoint. The findings presented are of primary concern to workers in the fields of medicine, biology, psychology, sociology, anthropology and allied sciences, and to teachers, social workers, personnel officers, law enforcement groups and others concerned with the direction of human behavior. The study is a sincere, objective, and determined exploration of a subject manifestly important to education, medicine, government and the integrity of human conduct generally.

Obviously, we repeat, only a scientific publisher could have been chosen to put this book into print, and this we have done in accord with the usual practices of the medical publishing industry.

That this book should evoke so much interest among laymen is natural and to be expected. Certainly, no present-day aspect of human biology stands in more need of knowledge than that of sex. Progress has never been achieved by turning one's back on truth and, just as the layman is at liberty to inform himself on atomic energy, the antibiotics or the structure and function of his own body, so, in this free land of ours, is he entitled to know—*should* know—the truth on *any* aspect of human behavior — most particularly when these findings may well have direct bearings on personal, family or community problems.

APPROVAL — A recent Gallup public-opinion poll showed overwhelming approval of the Kinsey Report. The importance of the work in the minds of the public spirited can be no more conclusively stated than to call attention to the countless articles and reviews that have thus far appeared. The need for repeated printings (up to this date, totalling 200,000 copies) seems further evidence that both professional and lay groups alike appreciate the profound significance of what Dr. Kinsey and his Staff have done.

There can be no doubt that Sexual Behavior in the Human Male (Vol. I of a series to be published over the next 20 years) has initiated a more realistic, more factual approach to one of the human race's most difficult social problems. With the belief that a better adjusted world will be a happier, more effective world, we offer Sexual Behavior in the Human Male as a vital contribution toward this goal.

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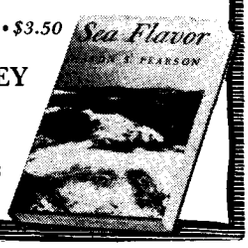

the tenderness which was withheld. Tchaikowsky's death by cholera is made a deliberate death by suicide because of a broken heart.

The novel opens with Peter Ilych's flight to Moscow in a condition of near breakdown due to his unfortunate marriage to Antonia. In fevered dreams Peter Ilych recalls his childhood and Mr. Mann presents some charming scenes of the Tchaikowsky family, and a detailed and painful account of the student Apukctin, who first betrayed Peter Ilych and, becoming his dark angel, taught him in turn to betray. Mr. Mann then takes Tchaikowsky through his tours, his triumphs, his failures, his disappointments, his friendships, his creations, his loves. A host of musicians walk through the pages—Brahms, Grieg, Siloti, Anton Rubinstein, Joachim, von Buelow — the great age of great artists.

Mr. Mann highlights the episodes that lend credence to his thesis about Tchaikowsky and minimizes the relationships that would seem to illustrate other facets in his character. Thus the influence of Mme. von Meck, the "beloved friend" with whom Tchaikowsky corresponded for so many years, is given no great importance, while situations actual and fictional illustrating the abnormality of Tchaikowsky have top priority.

Now were this book truly a fiction, this would be legitimate as the analysis of a character which Mr. Mann had himself created. And if this book were a true biography it would also be legitimate for Mr. Mann to prove whatever point he wanted as his explanation of the strange unhappy character of Tchaikowsky, and illustrate it from the mass of biographical material available. But when he superimposes his, Klaus Mann's thoughts and conversations as belonging to Tchaikowsky, he achieves a book which has neither the reality of a creation of character nor the reality of an honest biography.

Mr. Mann is more interested in the fact that his genius was strange than in the fact that his genius was a genius and one of the greatest composers. Thus he conscientiously gives a list of certain compositions—in one short paragraph is included the overture-fantasy "Romeo and Juliet," the second and third symphonies, and the piano concerto in B-flat minor, but one finds no significant speculations on these works by Klaus Mann-Tchaikowsky.

Mme. von Meck cared for Tchaikowsky the musician; this was the essential importance of the man, and the other aspects of his character were dwarfed to her by the genius of this Russian composer as an artist. Mr. Mann is more absorbed in the heterodox.

Erudite Bird

CLOVIS. By Michael Fessier. New York: Dial Press, Inc. 1948. 189 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by MAX WILK

INTO a literary world already animaled with talking dogs, dancing caterpillars, horses which speak only to small boys, cats which inherit baseball teams, and countless other high IQ'd creatures, Michael Fessier has introduced Clovis, a parrot who not only talks but has the gift of thinking, as well. The results are completely satisfying; Clovis is easily

High-School Class in Spring

By Louis Ginsberg

TETHERED to seats, the schoolboys sigh,
Truant from all the teacher's arts.
A paragraph away, the sky
Is leaking gold into their hearts.

No rules can pare away their joy;
No proverbs pundits can repeat
Can whittle smaller any boy
And wedge him safe into his seat.

Outside, the bulletin of a bird
Or semaphoring of a cloud
Is better news than boys have heard
Droned by a tyrant, beetle-browed.

Impaled upon his subhead, *Second,*
The teacher hangs, as bells now ring.
Something—besides the bells—has beckoned
To boys, stampeding into spring!

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the most amusing intellectual bird to appear since Walt Disney brought forth Donald Duck.

Clovis is the product of a long line of inbred parrots with which for years the von Lerner family, German scientists, has been experimenting in an effort to produce a thinking parrot. Finally they succeed; but in the process the von Lerner strain itself peters out, and Clovis, a brilliant, acid-tongued erudite bird, flies the coop, going forth into the world to fulfil his destiny. "It stands to reason," he tells the last von Lerner, "that I was intended for a more worthy destiny than . . . an intellectual moult. My duty is with the people."

Clovis should have stayed close to home, submitting questions to "Information Please" to occupy his mind. But he didn't, and his tribulations become our delight. His adventures among the uneducated jungle parrots, who reject him as their leader, his experiences in America, where he successively goes from being the pet of a family of amusing eccentrics, to sideshow attraction, to messiah of a Southern California religious cult, make wonderful reading. All along the way, Mr. Fessier, who combines out-and-out humorous situation with a nice satiric barb here and there, manages to keep his slender story always witty and often quite telling in its comment on human ways. Through Clovis's eyes, we gradually come to realize that the world is not yet ready for the advent of intelligent birds. Rejected and reviled by Californians when he counsels them that work is the only solution to their spiritual problems, Clovis wings his way back to the South American jungles. "Teach me," he finally pleads with a flock of wild parrots, "how to be a parrot."

For the past decade Mr. Fessier has been working on the literary treadmill of the movie studies. It is interesting to note how expertly he has plotted "Clovis," allowing not a wasted line, a single unnecessary scene. His mastery of film techinque, applied in this story, moves the narrative expertly. Never once does the sharpness of his humor become blunted by an excess of words.

Although in the course of his adventures Clovis is flatly rejected by a Hollywood producer—providing, incidentally, one of the most amusing scenes in the novel—he is a "natural" for movies. Can Lassie deliver an epigram? Would you call Flicka a wit? Obviously not. Therefore, Clovis should usher in a new, refreshing era to the screen, as well as the literary scene—an era in which, let us hope, a large number of just ordinary actors will be supplanted by a wise and wonderful parrot.

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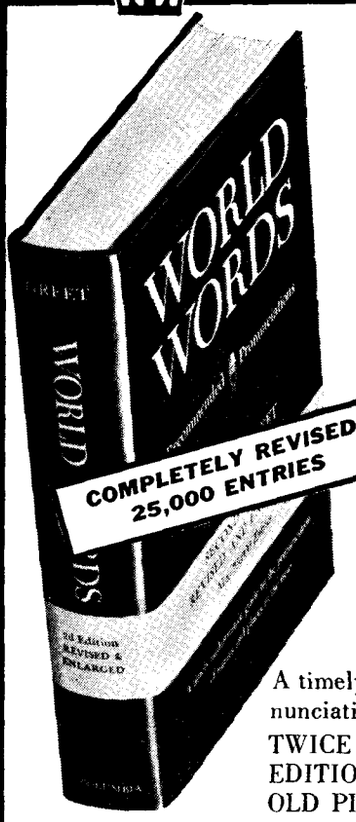

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Seeing Things

WHEN THE HURLY-BURLY'S DONE

"WE CAN concieve a common actor to play Richard tolerably well; we can conceive no one to play Macbeth properly." Thus Hazlitt. And until Maurice Evans's performance in 1941 and Michael Redgrave's current "Macbeth,"* contemporary American playgoers had every reason to let such a verdict go unchallenged.

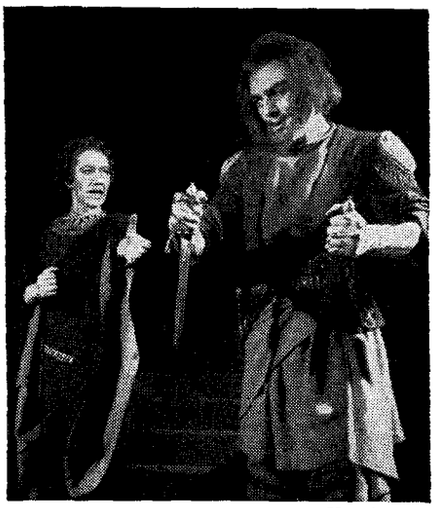
Macbeth is a hard part; as cruel, if not overwhelming, in its demands on an actor as any of Shakespeare's great tragic characters. Lear, and only Lear, is its like in difficulties, and Hamlet simple in comparison. If the tests of Macbeth exceed those of Hamlet, the reasons are plentiful. Macbeth includes within his nature hints of Hamlet. Yet by temperament he is, if anything, more complex than that complicated Prince. In addition to suggesting Hamlet, he must possess the traits of Fortinbras and King Claudius, too. He is all of these men; a host of incompatibles. He is at once poet and murderer, dreamer and doer, tyrant and sniveler, warrior and philosopher, Shelley and Himmler, Chanticleer and Milquetoast.

To embody these opposites, to keep them in proper balance, to make them as believable on the stage as they are in the text, and at the same time dominate a gory melodrama which must sweep forward almost as swiftly as the blood spills from its tyrant's victims, is a superhuman assignment. No wonder Robert B. Mantell, E. H. Sothern, Walter Hampden, Lionel Barrymore, Lynn Harding, Fritz Lieber, and Philip Merivale were less than indifferent Macbeths. They caught only one side of his character, if indeed they caught any. They were either noisy or sensitive; warriors who were not poets, or poets who were not warriors. If they were commanding, they were not commanded; if extroverts, they were beyond all introspection; if introverts, they were scholarly men who had no murder in their hearts. The blend eluded them. So did the fire. Had they made all their entrances on horseback, they would still have been pedestrian.

The miracle of Mr. Evans's performance was that he succeeded in doing as much as he did to fuse and project the many-sided qualities of Macbeth. He was a good Macbeth, not a great one, and certainly not the ideal one. He was too small of bone, too short in stature, too mellifluous of voice to suggest the rugged warrior of the North. Intellectually, however, he understood what he was about. To a remarkable degree his mind triumphed over the limitations of his body. He was, by all odds, the most satisfactory Macbeth most of us had seen. Physically he may have been miscast. Yet in spite of this—in spite of Hazlitt, too—his acting was such that we who saw him could at last say that we had seen Macbeth played "properly."

Mr. Redgrave brings outward advantages to the part that Mr. Evans did not have. He is tall, lithe, broad-shouldered; a warrior who could and would survive in a rough age. No Little Corporal he, but every inch a general. He has a large voice, too, which is also large in its variety. He may be tempted at moments to overuse it; to strain it in its journeys up and down the scale; to push it almost uncomfortably as from whispers, soft and insistent, he lets it rise to shouts which grate upon the ears. But no one can deny that it has both velvet and iron in its tones, or that he can turn from one to the other with remarkable ease.

To create the illusion of a primitive warrior who was the product of a semi-barbarous age and had no time for haircuts or shaves before (or apparently between) battles, Mr. Redgrave has resorted to a mustache and beard which are properly uncouth, and a wig which can only be described as a mane. Leo, the M-G-M lion, is a baldpate in comparison. Mr. Redgrave's Thane sports a hairdo which in its general contours is somewhat à la Sphinx. At least it would be if, instead of being neat in the Egyptian style, it were not as windswept as a heath. A heath? Rather a vast forest of bristles each of which, though clannish in an angry way, has refused to surrender its individuality. Though at first this mountain of wiggery seems excessive, oddly enough one grows almost as accustomed to it as Mr. Redgrave appears to have become, and accepts it as being right.



—*Hugelmeyer.*

Michael Redgrave "never suggests that passionate uxuriousness which Mr. Evans felt for his Lady."

What matters more than this hirsute superstructure is that Mr. Redgrave demonstrates that beneath it he has a mind which understands the multiple complexities of the character he is playing. He may not be able to project all of them. Who could? Who has been able to? But, like Mr. Evans, he is aware of them. This makes his best moments impressive.

His Macbeth is a strangely—indeed maddeningly—in and out performance. He is admirable at the beginning and the end; a figure, ascendant or cornered, of both power and poetry. But his performance follows a curiously swaybacked course. It becomes weak, soft, and fuzzy after the murder of Duncan at the very moment when Macbeth has gained sufficiently in strength to turn murderer in his own right without the promptings of Lady Macbeth. In one respect Mr. Redgrave fails in his earlier scenes. He never suggests that passionate uxoriousness which Mr. Evans felt for his Lady. He leaves the relationship between the two blurred. He takes his orders from her because he is her husband, not because he is her lover.

EVEN so his beginning, like his ending, is excellent. He is a general fresh from battle in his first meeting with the Witches, and skilfully establishes his ambition by the manner in which their prophecies eat into his consciousness. He is a general too, though disturbed within, when he receives Duncan's congratulations. He also captures, almost to the full, the shuddery excitements of those scenes leading up to or following the old king's murder.

The let-down, which proves to be

* *MACBETH, by William Shakespeare. Directed by Norris Houghton. Settings and Costumes by Paul Sheriff. Music by Alan Bush. Presented by Theatre Incorporated in association with Brian Doherty. With a cast including Michael Redgrave, Flora Robson, Whitfield Connor, Beatrice Straight, Russell Collins, Geoffrey Toone, etc. At the National Theatre.*

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costly, comes when Glamis has become king. Thereupon the strength and precision seem to ooze out of Mr. Redgrave's Macbeth. They do not return until his second, and brilliantly played, encounter with the Witches. From then on, when an unsuggested Birnam Wood is on the move, Mr. Redgrave regains what he has lost. The badgered and broken Macbeth, the beaten hellhound, he finely suggests. His loss of hope, when Macduff explains his birth, is poignantly established. Moreover, his duel with Macduff is as violent and athletic an exercise as has been seen hereabouts since John Barrymore, in the role of Hamlet, leapt across a wide stage to plunge his rapier into Claudius's heart.

If Mr. Redgrave's Macbeth is more spotty than a Dalmatian, it can nonetheless claim its many superior moments. If Mr. Evans read the part better, Mr. Redgrave looks it more convincingly. He, too, reads well when his characterization is kept in focus. Indeed he is so good, when he is good, that it is the more regrettable that he is not good throughout.

HIS production, in which with an altered cast he appeared 135 times in England, has been directed by Norris Houghton. Mr. Houghton is a vigorous contribution, intelligent and driving. Quite properly he has seen the tragedy as, first and foremost, a murder melodrama. His touches are innovational mainly in his handling of the Witches and his treatment of Banquo's Ghost. His Weird Sisters, who fortunately are caldronless, have multiplied with good effect to six. These consist of three masked, monolithic figures who apparently have littered three loathsome and screeching pygmies.

Mr. Houghton has worked as a literalist only to the extent of taking Lady Macbeth seriously when she exclaims, "Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?" After Duncan's murder, his Macbeth and his Lady Macbeth are up to their elbows in glistening royal blood. This gory and stirring presentation of the king's death comes as a preparation for the novel and no less stirring way in which Mr. Houghton introduces Banquo's Ghost. Instead of attending the banquet as a spotlight or as a figure sprung into place by a trap, Mr. Houghton's Banquo is a walking cadaver. He has obviously been the victim of assassins who operated as wholesalers rather than retailers. His chest is bare. A green light may follow him, but dark red blood shines over the expanses of his cut throat

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—BARNES, Herald-Tribune
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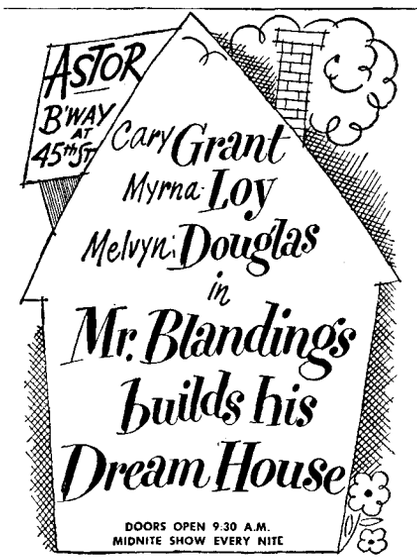
and on the beaten fringes of his forehead. More than having a pretty, and in this case rightful, eye for the gruesome, Mr. Houghton has a nice sense of the tragedy's sweep. He may miss some values here and there. Except for Banquo his banquet scene may leave much to be desired. But Mr. Houghton has managed to keep the text moving at a lively and welcome pace.

ON THE Sunday before this "Macbeth" opened, Mr. Redgrave contributed an article to the *Times* in which he explained that "all the world today, not only Macbeth's corner of Scotland, is filled with fear, doubt, uncertainty about the future. . . . The United States is frightened, Russia is frightened, and there are signs and symptoms of a spreading fear of something vague and dreadful. . . . It is to this world," thought Mr. Redgrave, "that 'Macbeth' . . . speaks in definite terms right now." Dismiss such a statement of parallels as tosh; as arrant, utter tosh. The fears of Macbeth, though genuine, have no more to do with Russia's fear of the United States and our fear of Russia than Rabbi Wise has to do with the College of Cardinals.

What is contemporary in the ancient agonies of Shakespeare's tragedy is



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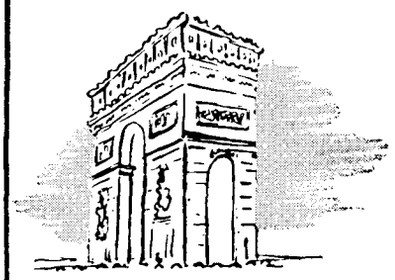

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its picture of the horrors and wounds of a land in a dictator's grip. It is this sense of pillage and blood-spilling, and of the sorry price a people must pay for one merciless man's ambition, that Mr. Houghton has emphasized more clearly in his "Macbeth" than in any other production of the tragedy that I have ever seen.

IF, IN spite of its merits, the evening wavers almost as much as Mr. Redgrave's performance, there are several causes for this. Good as are some of Paul Sheriff's misty settings one tires of them, and tires most especially of the dark palace hall with its unexplained lighting in which so much of the action occurs. The costumes, too, are scraggly and nondescript. Although they seek to be primitive, they succeed in being mainly of that baggy-wrap-around and burlap-boot variety which is the curse of Shakespearean supernumeraries. The battle scenes are more pacific than they should be. They find bumpkins facing bumpkins (that is, when with flags in their hands they are not running away from one another) rather than soldiers engaging in battle.

The company runs the gamut of gifts. Its performances range from those as notable as Russell Collins's drunken porter, and as outstanding as Geoffrey Toone's Banquo, to the bothersome mediocrity of Whitfield Connor's Macduff and the complete inadequacy of Elliott Reid's Malcolm.

Any woman playing Lady Macbeth nowadays must live down the memory of Judith Anderson's unforgettable performance. Flora Robson is unable to do this. She is an admirable actress. As far as a mind can create a performance she goes in playing Lady Macbeth. But she proves to be ill-suited to the part. Effective as is her sleepwalking scene, throughout the evening Miss Robson is like a soprano endeavoring to sing contralto. She lacks the vocal placement, the granite strength, the fearful drive, without which her first scene with Macbeth and the murder of Duncan remain incomplete. Her performance is a triumph over miscasting rather than a success as Lady Macbeth.

Some mention must also be made of Alan Bush's musical score. It makes its real contribution in mood and color to an evening which, notwithstanding its shortcomings, can claim its merits. Great Shakespeare this production of "Macbeth" most certainly is not. But neither is it indifferent Shakespeare. Due to Mr. Redgrave and Mr. Houghton, it has its good scenes and its many exciting moments.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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tain] Joe Davidson. There was an afternoon when he asked me to polish his boots. He wore boots on occasion. I refused. The next night, as usual, I returned to my billet half an hour after curfew. The captain was waiting for me. After that, I was restricted to quarters for a week. If it happened again, the captain explained, I would be broken one grade. It happened again, and I became a staff rather than a technical sergeant.

It was the same Joe Davidson, wasn't it?

"What do you think of him?" asked the managing editor. "Frankly, I was impressed."

This was a time we'd all talked about but never expected to see. Someone would say, speaking of any of a number of the Army's commissioned personnel, "I wouldn't hire that bastard to wipe off the seats in a latrine."

Or, "When it's over, he'll have an even nicer uniform. Those Western Union boys get real nice uniforms these days." Or, "We had a guy like him mowing our yard once; we fired him." And other comments, less printable but equally sincere. Naturally, no one of us ever expected to have the chance. But here it was, and here was I.

"I honestly don't know," I said.

"He's a Yale man," said the managing editor. "He showed me some of the things he's written, and they weren't bad at all."

I cleared my throat and held my breath and thought a little thought of all the privates, the privates first class, the corporals, and the sergeants that I'd have liked to have in the office just then. . . . And I said, "I guess I'd hire him. He's probably a competent guy."

—*From "That Winter" by Merle Miller (William Sloane).*

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STEAK IS NOT ONLY typically a man's favorite dish; it contains, by the most obvious rules of sympathetic magic, virtues such as no other food can give: it provides red blood. To be deprived of steaks, as many Americans were during the war and in the autumn of 1946, during the butcher's strike against the government, is not merely to go without enjoyable meals; it is sapping the constitution and lowering the vitality of red-blooded men. Various other foods have specific qualities based on similar simple principles:

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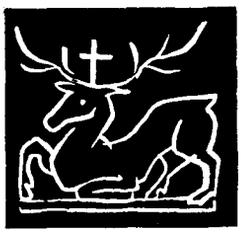

thus oysters are aphrodisiac, lettuce leaves, or very thin slices of toast or biscuit, slimming, and so on. And although Americans enjoy the richest and most varied diet of any people on earth, possibly excessive for sedentary workers, millions supplement it by taking in addition vitamin pills in considerable quantities. The discovery of the vitamin seemed to give scientific validation to the belief in the magical quality of certain foods. Their diffusion has worked wonders in poverty-stricken districts in the South, where such deficiency diseases as pellagra were endemic. Outside these areas the diet was usually more than adequate, but the manufacture of vitamin pills quickly became a major industry, selling hundreds of millions of dollars' worth yearly. Nearly every corner drugstore in every town has a counter devoted to these magic tablets. Advertising campaigns promise pep, energy, sexual prowess, business efficiency, and almost the gifts of Superman if you will only spend a few cents a day on their special proprietary brand.

—From "The American People" by Geoffrey Gorer (Norton).

Nothing but a Man

THE COMMON MAN always has held the center of the stage in our balladry. From Paul Bunyan to Jesse James, the folklore heroes are brave, free-hearted, and handy on the job. A good hand was welcome and respected at the campfire, no matter what his race or religion, while a gent with "high-toned" airs was headed for certain trouble. Long before Whitman, American folk singers rhapsodized the common man in all his dazzling variety, putting him first in all the ballads, describing him at work and play, and making his passions and problems their main concern. This is the big theme of American folk song, running through all the songs —the theme stated by Burns ". . . A man's a man for a' that" and even more powerfully in the Negro ballad "John Henry:"

A man ain't nothin' but a man. . . .

—From "Folk Song U.S.A." by John and Alan Lomax (Duell, Sloan & Pearce).

White Enamel Enigma

FROM THE WINDOWS you see New York. At night you may even decipher the red neon signs on some of the skyscrapers. If you look at it from Ellis Island, New York seems like the Promised Land. . . . On one side of the Island, the Statue of Liberty, dark and stout, reaches high over the water. At one time or another, every inmate has marked the fact that the Statue turns her back to the Island. By force of habit, they have become quite inured to symbol. . . . The white enamel walls bleach even the darkest night, and in the night your soul knocks against their blankness. Then you sing or you talk or you read or you stare at your companion's face, for you do not want to listen to what cries inside of you. You do not know why the night makes you vulnerable and you do not want to find out.

—From "The Threshold" by Karin von Wahl (to be published by Houghton Mifflin in May).

Spoiled Giant

TAKE A LOOK, pioneers, O pioneers. When you saw the Mississippi's breadbasket valley, you really had seen nothing yet. Taming that valley for production took brawn and plenty of brains. The pioneering which lies ahead of us will take more brains than your "great books" ever imagined. Not certainties to cling to, and prides of opinion to flatter ourselves to sleep with, as men are flattered to sleep by silly wives and mistresses. But this time, sheer brains. And the mental and moral courage of grown men and women to live with uncertainties.

For sooner or later the USA people must outgrow the Peter Pan fiction that they are doing enough simply by taking the changes—and the changes produced by chain reaction within the changes—one, or a few, at a time. Sooner or later they must see, or experience, the fact that all the changes from Luther to mass factory produc-

Gold and Silver

By Elizabeth Coatsworth Beston

HEAT sat in his golden bower
fluttering like a bird,
with the rustle of leaves in a shower
half heard and half unheard.

On his rooftree the tall flames wavered,
transparent and flowing and red,
and the motion of heat was like water
reflected on gold overhead.

I sat bemused and enchanted,
but I saw I was not alone:
the moon at the kitchen window
in cold astonishment shone,

Looked in and stared for an hour
and then withdrew her pale face,
leaving a dying fire
in the darkening fireplace.

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tion and mass communication and mass transportation; from Copernicus to evolution and psychiatry, and the new sex freedoms; from Milton's "Areopagitica" to atomic power are rolling up to smite us with their total impact.

To take that stroke, we may need drastic ways to revise many of our preconceptions of what can be done with life and what society is for. For certain concrete and practical reasons, much strategic revision could well get under way at once among the USA people.

We are a rich and strong enough people to make drastic revisions effective. We have enough of the habit and climate of personal liberty in USA society to revise basic ways and ideas of living by other means than simply destroying the freedom of minds and peoples with new dogmas. In spite of much apathy, corruption, and confusion on issues, we have the body of political tradition and experience to meet change's total impact resiliently.

For in spite of the Spoiled Giant's complacent bumptiousness the USA people *were* good pioneers once. It was so little while ago that on no other people's pioneering talents can so much rationally be gambled. On no people of our one world can so large a bet be laid that they can stride to ultimate security through the mechanized, power-tossed wilderness of our times.

—*From "The Turning Stream" by Duncan Aikman (to be published by Doubleday in May).*

Ever More Stately

IN THE YEAR [JEFFERSON] entered the House of Burgesses laborers of his began to dig a cellar in the stiff mountain clay. The work which he thus inaugurated he continued for ten or twelve years; he returned to it as a new task a decade after that; and the building of the mansion at Monticello in its historic form proved to be little short of a lifetime's work. Nothing else that he ever did was more characteristic of him as a person and a mind. In spirit he was preeminently constructive, and he could not think of himself or of his house or of human society as finished. But he was not merely creating an architectural or intellectual monument; he was a deeply domestic being, making a home. Throughout his maturity his spirit ceaselessly roamed the universe, searching out the good things in it, but his heart was on his mountaintop, and if his ghost now walks it is surely there.

—*From "Jefferson The Virginian," by Dumas Malone (Little, Brown).*

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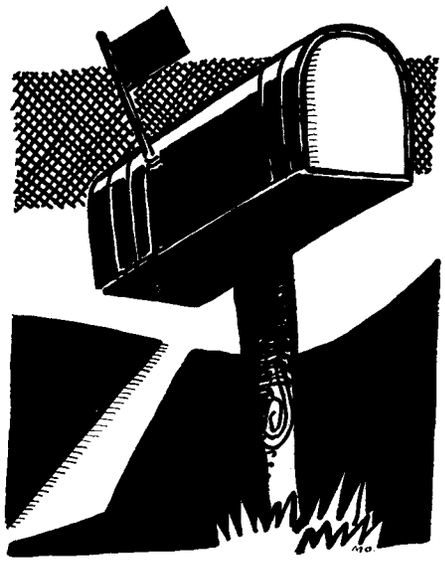
Poetry. *This week five poets merit our attention: imprimis we have a young woman poet of past achievement both in verse and in the novel who has now "found herself" in a book of rare delight and unusual depth. Of the other four, besides May Sarton, two are poets of comparative simplicity and two more pyrotechnical. But the poetry of Walter Leuba is not mere cleverness. While sometimes fantastic, it is also trenchant in social criticism; and though Thomas McGrath is more susceptible to bizarre influence, he can also do stronger work. The text one might extract from all this is that mere oddity of diction does not make style; fine style is the deep impress of an unusual personality.*

Marvels of Interwoven Syllables

THE LION AND THE ROSE. By May Sarton. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 104 pp. $2.

Reviewed by MARTHA BACON

MAY SARTON is an artist of remarkable powers. She is one of those rare poets who, in making use of simple combinations of words —and of the words of our common speech at that—,has achieved a vocabulary and style as distinctly her own as any poet now writing. As Lewis Carroll said, "It's a question of who shall be master." In her case there is no question. She has drawn upon the whole stream of English literature to develop her subtle cadences and delicate, all-but-inaudible rhymes. One remembers the author of "I Sing of a Maiden," and the most refined and expressive of the pre-Elizabethan poets. One wonders at the extreme simplicity of her statement (for such simplicity needs courage), and the more one wonders the more one is aware of the great gifts set forth in "The Lion and the Rose." Here every part of a poem contributes to the whole. I have before me one entitled "The Clavichord," a little marvel of interwoven syllables through which emerges a highly wrought subject, which is all the more interesting because the separate parts are wholly uncomplicated.



She keeps her clavichord
As others keep delight, too light
To breathe, the secret word
No lover ever heard

Where the pure spirit lives
And garlands weaves.

This book is a fine example of what an exquisite sense of form can give to contemporary verse, for it is full of pure poetry written by one who has not substituted correct ideas and enlightened opinions for a creative talent. By this I do not mean that the author's views are not of the most humane and advanced order. Any reader who will investigate "My Sisters, O My Sisters" or the group of poems describing the writer's impressions of Monticello and Winchester, Virginia, and the mansion of the cotton king at Natchez, Mississippi, will come away refreshed from contact with a mind so original and so sensitive. This book contains richness and color, landscapes of great variety, meditations upon age and youth, exequies and celebrations, a section of love poems of the most poignant character, mature and passionate, and the exalted symbolism of the title poem:

That in this death-in-life, delicate, cold,
The spiritual rose
Flower among the snows—

The love surpassing love.

"The Lion and the Rose" is an achievement of the first quality. Here is a writer who has let nothing escape her. Whatever life-images Miss Sarton chooses to turn into poetry become poetry. Her work is worth the admiring attention of everyone who considers himself a reader.

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Songs of Love

THE SINGLE FLAME. By Mae Winkler Goodman. Foreword by E. Merrill Root. Cleveland: American Weave Press. 1948. 61 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

THE CLUE to the theme of this collection of sonnets is in the title. It is a sequence of love poems addressed to an individual in which the intensity of statement and devotional candor of the poet overcome any critical desire to carp about technical blemishes which obtrude occasionally. Mae Winkler Goodman is a name encountered frequently in the press and poetry magazines, and in this, her first book, she reveals consistent progress in the art of versification. To write a collection of love sonnets necessarily invites comparison with the classic efforts of Mrs. Browning, Rosetti, and Shakespeare. Mrs. Goodman's poems fare well, not because they approach the masters, but because she makes no pretense of comparison. The sonnets, despite a few limping lines, and wrenched accents, read well and have a simple convincing eloquence. A number of the lines reach high levels of pleasurable excitement, as when:

> A massive quiet settles on the room
> Impenetrable as a stone-blue mist,
> Soaking the corners with its weight of gloom,
> With only death for an accompanist.

Proletarian Pleas

THE THUNDER OF THE GRASS. Poems by Aaron Kramer. New York: International Publishers. 1948. 40 *pp.* 50¢.

Reviewed by I. L. SALOMON

UNASHAMEDLY proletarian, Aaron Kramer speaks a language that is at once direct and understandable. After a journalistic tribute to President Roosevelt in free verse, he settles down to poem-making.

His sonnets and lyrics vary in theme but not in purpose. They are strong and not too carefully created. In "Waterfront," he transfers the emotion he wills for the thing that is, as in "where children touch the sunlight timidly." The truth is waterfront children, like their more fortunate contemporaries, have a hardy affection for the sun. Yes, Mr. Kramer can do better; he can come up with a clean line as in "Massacre": "no bodies mar / the gray correctness of this neighborhood." His best poem, "Isaac Woodward," in theme the white man's injustice towards the Negro, is forceful and convincing.

In the section "Advertisements," Mr. Kramer is diverting, bitter, and satiric by turns. "Switch to Calvert" has a light touch, and "Treatment," a poem undertakers won't like, a devastating conclusion.

The title-poem, a narrative of the Warsaw ghetto in rhymed sestets, has its genesis in Masefield. It tells the story of the girls who submitted their bodies to death rather than to their Nazi conquerors. A fearful document, this poem lacks the touch of the craftsman.

Aaron Kramer has things to learn about tightening his lines. He may yet come into his own.

Enigmas in Hutches

TO WALK A CROOKED MILE. Poems by Thomas McGrath. New York: The Swallow Press and William Morrow & Co. 1947. 89 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

SURREALISM can be fun; it can shake us out of grooves of convention. But it cannot go ahead—or lift up, either: what momentary exultations it achieves are fast and forgettable, the effects of a jag. The "new myth" does not come.

Nevertheless, Thomas McGrath, a likable and ingenious young poet very largely under the sway of two established "myths"—the Whitman-democratic and the Marxist-revolutionary—has allowed himself to be lured into the camp of the surrealists, apparently by his reading of the current English school of poetry—the same group aptly characterized by W. Y. Tindall as having "achieved a confusion of Marx with Freud." The chances are that this is only a passing allegiance. While it lasts, however, McGrath rattles off such stanzas as this:

> Remember the blind harp tethered in the bathroom?
> Or earlier the surrealist station where,
> Fenced with false faces, and brushing off the eyes
> Which stuck to our naked suits we dined upon the air.

This is rather good, of its sort; but what can one say for something like this?

> Maine is a map of Freud with feminine fine lakes
> And phallic forests wherever the blind eye looks.
> Here the last century exists on rubber crutches,
> And the hours and the enigmas multiply in hutches.

It is really painful to see a poet of real talent occupying himself with

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these three-finger exercises, which any reasonably fair student can turn out. McGrath has a "line" of his own, based on genuine Western folk-speech (he hails from North Dakota); he hardly needs to lean on such worn props as Dali's crutches. When he wants to, he can find the right words for love, or command anger and revulsion, irony and wit. For example, he lashes out at the sentimentality which obstructs action:

> But love without direction is a cheap blanket
> And even if it did no one any harm,
> No one is warm.

In so far as he directs his poetry toward political action, McGrath simplifies too much (as when he exalts the pure love of vagrants above the corrupt love of the rich) and loses his grip as an artist, permitting banalities of diction ("comradeship," "brotherhood," "bourgeois," "upper class," and the like) and such lines as

> When cops broke up the demonstration
> Or the hearse came by with the organizer

with their black-and-white distinctions.

But there is a great deal of life in this poetry, for which one can forgive the lapses into crutches or class-war.

Gerard Previn Meyer is the editor of The New Quarterly of Poetry, *author of "Louder Than the Drum" and "For George Herbert." He teaches English at Brooklyn Polytechnic.*

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Social Nostrum

POEMS OUT OF A HAT. By Walter Leuba. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 81 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ALFRED KREYMBORG

"POEMS OUT OF A HAT" is a remarkably interesting first volume by a mature Pennsylvanian, Walter Leuba. It is just what the doctor ordered for an age ill in every member of the body social: incisive, relentlessly witty, well-controlled, and compassionate. And the language and versification of this scientific musician are broad in their range and beautifully proportioned. In short, Leuba belongs to the postwar era of historians, philosophers, and artists who sweep aside illusions in the search for absolute truth regarding mankind in a world torn apart with error, inexperience, and stupidity, and a world in the throes of committing the same blind evils again.

The Pennsylvanian's challenging nature and style will not prove popular with sentimental flag-wavers, chauvinists, and adherents to false gods and shibboleths. The poet de-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MY LOVE WEARS BLACK *Octavus Roy Cohen* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Hollywood realtor beloved by film star finds—and loses—her estranged husband's corpse. Three more fatalities occur before realtor finally outsmarts cops.	Movie background and gaudy Calif. characters sleekly drawn. Amateur detecting adequate. Action and romance palpitate pleasantly. But it's all rather static.	Readable
NIGHTMARE *Edward S. Aarons* (McKay: $2)	Inoffensive cashier for N. Y. finance company, after friendly pub-crawl, finds self tagged and measured for electric chair. He fights back.	Average guy's dogged efforts to unravel three impromptu, unpremeditated murders in which he's implicated comprise tough, moving, and amply exciting tale.	Commendable
THE BLUE HOUR *John Godey* (Crime Club: $2)	Incriminating enclosure with bank-statement drags muzzy and mystified adman into murderous whirl with sadistic killer, contraband paintings, and canny homicide squadder.	Puzzled but persistent custodian of valuable bit of paper follows it through harrowing, suspenseful, and supersonically-paced situations to shooting finish.	Good thriller
CATS HAVE TALL SHADOWS *D. B. Olsen* (Ziff-Davis: $2.50)	Miss Rachel Murdock, "who does all that she does . . for love of murder" helps rout triple murderer at Oregon coast hotel.	Better than last Olsen opus. Crammed with cats, alive and carved; competently plotted, occasionally shivery. But spinster sleuth may induce catalepsy.	Fair
BUT DEATH RUNS FASTER *William P. McGivern* (Dodd, Mead: $2)	Asst. editor of Chicago murder-pulp shot after bickersome party. Deb with guilty secret slain later. First murderee's boss spots culprit.	Denizens of mag. office—editors, writers, and such—make first-rate background for swiftly flowing, ably written, and slightly translucent baffler.	Worth while
RELATIVE TO POISON *E. C. R. Lorac* (Crime Club: $2)	Atropin-disposal of arthritic English dowager deeply involves highstrung daughters, wastrel son, well-born household help, and Insp. MacDonald of Scotland Yard.	Convincing detection, expert plotting, vital characters — including two delightfully portrayed young girls—sufficient action, urbane writing, and spectacular denouement.	Distinguished
LADY WITHOUT MERCY *Roman McDougald* (Simon & Schuster: $2)	Incurable wife who won't die and whom nobody can kill succumbs after twin nieces perish from poison. Inscrutable-eyed Mr. Denison elucidates.	Excellent plot idea obscured by emotional characters "reeling, writhing, and fainting in coils." So incessantly intense it falls rather flat.	Disappointing

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rides the god of property, the glib patriot, the war profiteer, and the ubiquitous politician:

The air is full of political lies
and also full of fireflies
this autumn night, and as I brood
I'm moved to healthful gratitude:
for bugs I thank a godless nature,
for lies, a godly legislature.

Nor is this poet misled into accepting our latest slogans without examination—the four freedoms, the century of the common man—nor does he hail such anniversaries as Christmas Eve and Good Friday with a formal acceptance.

Yellow man, red man, black man, white,
kiss the cross in a blaze of light.

Black man, white man, yellow man, red,
hold the cross high and bury the dead.

Red man, black man, white man, yellow,
break the cross over the other fellow.

God the father, God the son,
God the marksman, God the gun,
which of us is the chosen one?

Leuba's dramatic transmutation of rigmaroles and nursery rhymes is devastating in impact, yet he is not a man with a single instrument playing on bitter notes and dissonant causes. He is also moved by the war of the sexes, the war of life and death, and his sensibility is attuned to the lives of the lowly—"The little people shall be shriven." His steady devotion to reality gives voice to elegiac moods and country scenes and portraits of animals and people that are truly sympathetic and original and find grace in an otherwise rotting society. He even makes poems out of Union Square cops, out of Molly Megs, the metaphysical elevator operator, out of sparrows, starved cats and dogs, and out of "cheap music on a winter night." Here, for example, is Walter Leuba's handling of a Virgilian theme—with a difference. The poet is leafing over a *Farmer's Almanac* for September and observes:

Now is the season of the porcupine
who takes his fill of the ripening apple hoard;
now does the wild deer munch the emerald bean
and the red fox look to the hen roost;
now the skunk
rattles the rusted lid of the garbage pail.
In the wild animal heart the season of fruit
is restlessness and hunger. In the turn of the leaf,
in the stronger, darker, deeper smell of things
through the cool of twilight, in the hot and seed-filled noon

of the harvest dusty, breathless, and heavily breathing,
lies the winter await, the carrion ominous winter
when only the terrible drifts of snow will move.
And man is no less restless and a stranger
as amid the full green corn the pumpkins lie
and in the morning the harsh rain suddenly falls
while the rowan grows and the apples sweeten and swell
and the infidel grapes ripen on timeless walls.

Course in Criticism

A CREATIVE criticism course, limited to a small group of qualified upperclassmen, has been inaugurated by the University of Vermont. Its aim will be to develop sound, effectively expressed literary judgments. John W. Aldridge will conduct the class.

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From a letter to the publishers:

"I was in Europe when Saul Bellow's THE VICTIM came out, and have only recently had a chance to read it. I know that some reviewers saw how original and honest the book is, but it is obvious that it is not getting anything like the appreciation it deserves. At a time when there is so much more than the usual amount of junk around, and when one sometimes has the feeling that most readers are not even given a chance any longer to discover what the art of fiction means, I think it is important to speak up for the book.

"The book moved me very deeply, and in a fundamental way, for it was not only my 'feelings' that were affected, but my total consciousness of contemporary man. I have never seen any other novel which so imaginatively lifts the theme of anti-Semitism from the plane of social disease to its real center in the universal moral condition. The book is not about anti-Semitism but about the human tragedy; it is a demonstration in living terms of man's ambiguity about himself and about his savage loneliness in the world. I put it clumsily, but for me the book is a 'central' kind of work; it is about the fundamentals of human existence. And how many contemporary American novels even hint at them? Yet the writing itself is as remarkable. Sentence after sentence so unerringly right, so sensitive and yet so unsparing, that the dramatic tension of the story is heightened by the concentration and the somber dignity of the imagery.

"For me THE VICTIM is a work of great creativeness and human understanding, and one that clearly demonstrates that Bellow is one of the most gifted of living American writers."

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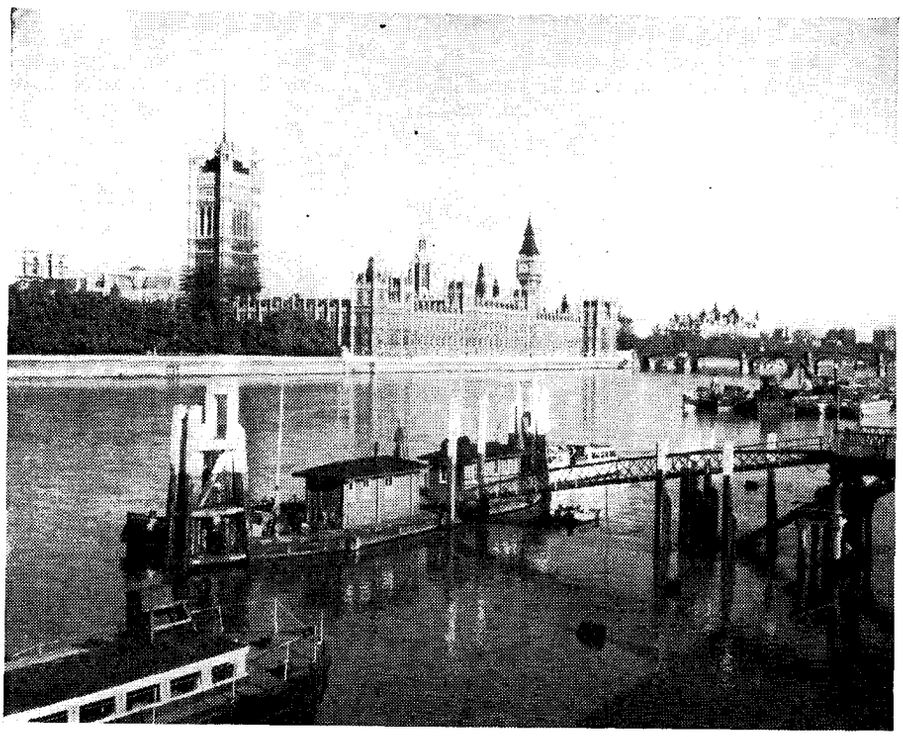
BOOKED for TRAVEL

BEELINES FOR BRITAIN

IT SEEMS quite clear, in spite of what becomes of the Empire, that there will, indeed, always be an England. What with the Olympics, the Edinburgh festival, and all, a tidy horde of Americans is going over this summer to ascertain the fact first hand. We have it on the solemn word of the British Travel Association that the food situation is not so bad as the rumors say. Sifted down to hard, objective fact, this means visitors will find Britain short on eggs, butter, and many meats; long on game, chicken, fish, and powdered eggs. A typical breakfast might include fruit juice, marmalade, and kippers, haddock, or sole. Dinner in England these days means soup, entree, and dessert. There is a strict price ceiling on food, although fancy hotels and restaurants are permitted to add *house charge* to the bill. A house charge doesn't bring you more to eat; rather it allows an establishment with atmosphere to charge for it. Despite the black whispers, a representative of the British travel people—a gentleman, by the way, who recently gained nine pounds in twenty-five days in Britain—claims it is well nigh impossible to get extra food by being free with a pound and taking your meals in your hotel room. Rationing has worked so well in Britain, the fellow says, that everyone ends up with the same number of calories. Tourists need never feel embarrassed about eating in England because workers do right well in the government-sponsored industrial restaurants which serve low-cost, carefully planned menus.

If you want to spend some money in Britain that's all right with the British. American tourists are invited to enter any large shop, show a passport, and buy anything they want provided it is forwarded to their ship or plane. There need be no embarrassment about this either, since the merchandise comes off the export allowance and is replenished by the Board of Trade. An alternate method permits tourists to exchange up to $100 into pounds. At the same time they receive a book containing six coupons good for six purchases which need not be sent shipside.

Officials who keep track of such things estimate some three thousand cars will be shipped to Britain by Americans in 1948. All of the British Isles amount to some 90,000 square miles, or about the same acreage as New York State. Americans using their own cars or buying English cars for re-export will be allowed enough gasoline to travel 600 miles the first fortnight, 400 miles for the rest of the month, and 300 miles for each of the two months following. There is, what's more, an initial allotment for travel from Southampton, the port of debarkation, to the traveler's destination and return. Never in the history of England, the gas ration board reports, has such an interest been displayed in John O'Groats, a point in Britain which is geographically to Southampton what Bangor, Maine, is to San Diego, California.



—*American Overseas Airlines.*

In London . . . the Houses of Parliament—but no escape from American movies. . . .

Most visitors spend a week in London seeing the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, St. Paul's, and Fleet St., where everybody stops for a drink at the Cheshire Cheese, an old pub popular with writers from the days of Dr. Johnson. In Grosvenor Square Americans will stop to see the new statue of Franklin Roosevelt purchased by public subscription. Over 40,000 pounds were raised in six days, and they had to stop the money coming. In the Tower of London the crown jewels, including the Koh-i-noor diamond, are on display again for the first time since the war. Hidden during the conflict, they were last used for the coronation in 1936. There will be no escape from American movies, which are being shown again in Britain, and the legitimate theatre has "Oklahoma!" and "Annie Get Your Gun."

Out in the country there are hundreds of inns, many left over from the coaching and the Dickensian days, with names like Ram Jam Inn in Rutland, The Rose Revived in Oxfordshire, Hind's Head outside London, and Baredown Hotel near Basingstoke. At Stratford-on-Avon is Swan's Nest, of which Shakespeare wrote. Of especial interest to Americans is a new place known reminiscently as "The GI," and an old one in Sulgrave called Manor House, which was the Washington family home. G. W.'s ancestors slept here.

But the biggest attraction for Americans in Britain, say the British, is the fact that we can be tourists in a foreign land without the handicap of a language barrier. Nonetheless, Americans will do well to remember that a dessert is a sweet, a cop is a bobby, garters are suspenders, suspenders are braces, a monkey wrench is a screw spanner, bloody is a curse word, taffy is toffee, syrup is treacle, soft drinks are minerals, a rumble seat is a dickey, the second floor is the first floor, and a roller coaster is a switchback railway. If you want to be awakened in the morning, you say to the desk clerk, "Please knock me up at eight." Under no circumstances, however, must you ever announce publicly that you "look like a bum," because in England you will be talking of *derrières*.

HORACE SUTTON.

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—The Travel Assn.

. . . in the country Dickensian inns.

Trip or Substitute

SO YOU'RE GOING TO ENGLAND. By Clara Laughlin. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 640 *pp.* $5.

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

THE publishing firm of Houghton Mifflin has just made a tremendous wager that there will be no war. The wager was not made with one of those reliable Jersey City houses which handle the cases of those who like to bet that one horse can run faster than another, nor was it made in the more subtle form of insurance with Lloyd's of London. Houghton Mifflin with calm confidence made its wager by publishing a 640-page travel book called "So You're Going to England." This is a revised edition of the original book written by Clara Laughlin many years ago. The author died six years ago and the task of revision fell into the capable hands of her long-time associate, Mildred Britten Austin.

Travel books are traditionally bought by people who are contemplating travel. If war comes, the only ones who will be free to travel will be young men in brown uniforms who will have no time to inspect the beauty of England so ecstatically described by Clara Laughlin. But Houghton Mifflin, in publishing this postwar edition of "So You're Going to England," has unmistakably shown its confidence in peace.

Such confidence deserves to be rewarded and such a book deserves to be bought. The book is filled with information, charm, anecdotes, and interest. Clara Laughlin takes England up carefully by the back of its neck and lays it gently in your lap. She considers every large city, every medium-sized city, and every hamlet that might have a story to tell. Her chapter on Liverpool is truly extraordinary. My visits to Liverpool were confined to the war years, and with the exception of Birmingham (or possibly Slough) it seemed to be the dullest, most drab city in England. I realize now that the fault was mine—not Liverpool's. Clara Laughlin reveals Liverpool as an exciting metropolis which has a lot more to recommend it than the modern cocktail lounge in the Adelphi Hotel. She took the trouble to make friends with the city, and when you finish reading about Liverpool you wish you had.

A reviewer is supposed to approach his task (so I've heard) with objectivity and detachment. The chapters on London completely routed both of these critical requisites. Her stories of London to one who loves the city are only wonderful. The late Clara Laughlin, for instance, knows Fleet Street and the Strand better than any of us who lived and worked in that section of the city. She makes leisurely digressions to tell us the history of landmarks like the Cheshire Cheese, Temple Bar, and the Savoy Hotel.

She brings to life Kings and Cardinals, saints and sinners who once walked, rode, or prowled the Strand in the days when it was just a footpath on the banks of the Thames.

"If we treat ghosts pleasantly, they're really very kind," she says.

This is not a book to be read only by those contemplating a trip to England. It could well be read as a substitute for a trip to England. I defy anyone who is susceptible to the charm of interesting places to find a dull page in it. Four dollars? That makes it the greatest buy since Manhattan went for $24 plus beads.

For ETO Vet & Bro.

YOUR HOLIDAY IN BRITAIN. By Gordon Cooper. New York: A. A. Wyn. 1948. 194 *pp.* $3.50.

ALL THE BEST IN ENGLAND. By Sydney Clark. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1948. 340 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PAMELA KELLINO

IN THE years that followed World War I the tourist traffic of Western Europe thrived on the patronage of Americans.

"American sightseer" came to denote a new comedy type in England,

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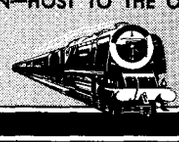
1948
BRITAIN—HOST TO THE OLYMPICS



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easily recognizable on account of his brassy accent, his horn-rimmed glasses, and his straw hat. The same earmarks made him the victim of the French hotelier's gracious rapacity. In Germany the innocent, good-natured chap exploited the favorable money exchange with an extravagance so gross that he indoctrinated a generation of young Germans with a limitless contempt for American kultur.

The modern equivalent of this type is not likely to do much traveling in a Europe shattered by World War II. But there is evidence that Britain's invitation will not go unanswered.

"Your Holiday in Britain" might

The Travel Log

ENGLAND

Part I: London

The Saturday Review's Guide to 16 mm. Sound Films for the Fireside Traveler

*Available without charge **Available for purchase or rental
***Available for school, church, and club groups only

Title	*Details*	*Description*
BIG CITY** (Prewar London)	Black and white. Fourteen minutes. Sound. Films from Britain Series; BIS	London's workers crowd the trams and undergrounds to get to their jobs and leisure-time activities. Scenes of the city's complex transportation system.
HEIR TO THE THRONE**	Black and white. Eleven minutes. Sound. British Movietone News, C.O.I.; BIS	Highlights in the life of Princess Elizabeth: the Jubilee, the Coronation, review of the Grenadier Guards. Daily life at Windsor Castle.
HISTORIC ST. PAUL'S**	Black and white. Fourteen minutes. Sound. British Consul; BIS	The story of one of England's great cathedrals—rebuilt after the Great Fire of London, and now the shrine of such heroes as Nelson and Wellington.
LONDON CAN TAKE IT** (Wartime London)	Black and white. Ten minutes. Sound. Crown Film Unit; BIS	An eye-witness account of the first shock of the Battle of Britain and the way life resumes the next morning. Commentary by Quentin Reynolds. Often referred to as the first great film of World War II.
LONDON, CITY OF TRADITION*** (Prewar London)	Black and white. Ten minutes. Sound. MGM; FitzPatrick Traveltalk Series	Views of such traditional symbols as: Buckingham Palace, Tower of London, and House of Parliament. Historical characters and events are identified with these landmarks.
NIGHT MAIL**	Black and white. Twenty-five minutes. Sound. G.P.O. Film Unit; BIS	One of the classic documentaries. Produced by Grierson, Cavalcanti, and Basil Wright. Narration written in blank verse and delivered by the poet W. H. Auden.
PROUD CITY** (Postwar London)	Black and white. Twenty-six minutes. Sound. Greenpark Productions, Film Producers Guild; BIS	After the damage wrought by the blitz, study and investigation produced plans for rebuilding the huge, straggling metropolis which will prevent haphazard regrowth.
WESTMINSTER ABBEY**	Black and white. Fourteen minutes. Sound. Inspiration Pictures; BIS	Here Parliament once met; here for centuries the sovereigns have been crowned and here illustrious Englishmen are buried. Gothic architecture at its best.
WORDS FOR BATTLE** (Wartime London)	Black and white. Eight minutes. Sound. Crown Film Unit; BIS	Laurence Olivier delivers selections from the most famous passages of English literature which have been chosen to crystalize the beliefs for which Britain fought the war.

For further information about the purchase or rental or these and other films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45 Street, New York 18, N. Y.

Some 16 mm. sound films are available without cost; rentals made through your local educational film library seldom exceed one dollar per reel.

All films are shipped express collect and returned express prepaid.

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have been specially written for the ETO veteran and his kid brother. It sets out to explain the techniques of every conceivable kind of holiday. No taste is ignored. Those who wish to find rest and relaxation in a religious community, the hikers, the cyclists, the holiday campers may all find out how it is done, the nature of the rationing system and the names and addresses of helpful organizations. There are hints even about harvest camps and about traveling with circus or pack horse.

But one gets the impression that the author is himself a rugged type who aims to help those of a similar disposition, aware perhaps that only the rugged are likely to enjoy themselves in England right now.

As a guide book the work is sketchy and unpretentious. It is disconcerting, for instance, to find London almost completely ignored.

The author of "All the Best in England" cares less about traveling techniques than about local wonders. He seems to be an avid cosmopolitan collector of the beautiful and the curious. And his book can be recommended not only as a supplement to the technicalities of the other, but as a joy to every class of traveler with the possible exception of the "holiday campers." For on-seekers of organized conviviality such charming items as the following might well be lost:

> A guide in Glastonbury [may his type decrease] declaiming, "Do you see that bit of destruction by dies and gents? That's what Henry the Eyeghth done."

The Giant of Cerne Abbas, near the village of that name in Dorset, is a trifle shorter than the Long Man of Wilmington but he makes up for it in virility. He brandishes above his shoulder a club as big as himself, and physically he gives ample evidence of his status as a god of procreation, undoubtedly worshiped by young men hopeful of becoming fathers. He was surely no more obscene, in the view of Bronze Age people, than fatherhood itself was obscene, but our prissy age considers him—censorable. Dorset, however, is used to its mighty giant of Cerne Abbas and is proud of him. Unlike the monks of Wilmington it resents and resists all talks of surgery.

Devonshire "bubble and squeak," a Devon dish in which potato and cabbage are wedded. It is good—in the opinion of those who like it.

Pamela Kellino, British actress and author of "Del Palma," played the title role in "Bathsheba" last season with her husband, James Mason.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 252

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 252 will be found in the next issue.

WUB PI TWW NU XTMMG, TFA

WZSU KZBXZF DPO VUTFI,

USUF ZR KU XTSU BD NDOODK

BXU VDFUG BD AD ZB.

—TOBUVPI KTOA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 251

Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy.
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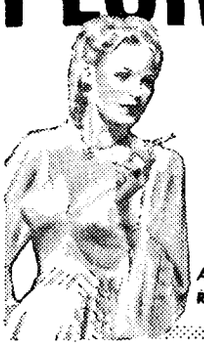

by SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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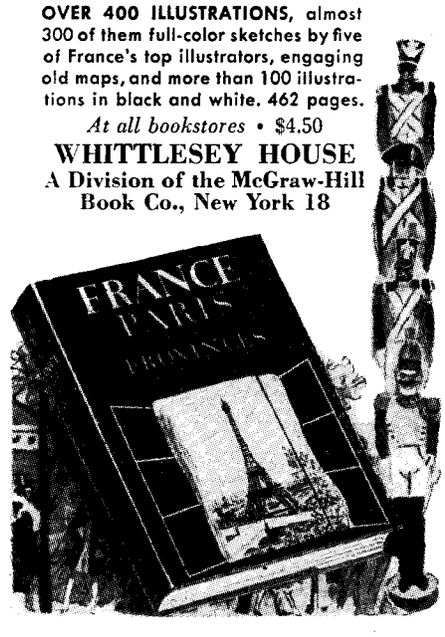


NOTES ON AN ISLAND

(*Continued from page* 14)

So I wanted to send her new daughter my love and blessing, and beg her builders to change their minds and give the new *Caronia* two funnels, like the old ship, and a real open fire in the smokeroom, not just electric glass nuggets; and old Nighters, the middle-watch steward. Then, if there had been space, I would have concluded with a meditation: that all kinds of international musing are futile. Unless you love both nations equally, your ideas are crude; and as soon as love enters anywhere, they're just personal fantasy. Yours, Sir, etc.

(2) My delight at finding that a Toilet Saloon was a place where I could get my beard trimmed; *viz.*, a barber. The one I found, on Duke Street (they call it Juke Street), does all the haircutting for Eton College. Like thirty-five years ago, they put you in a windsor chair (Windsor is close to Eton) and you don't even take your coat off. So the little snips of hair go on your coat instead of down your neck. It's what that good man John Wilson, dean of the London book trade, always says of Pearsall Smith: "the art of the snippet." While you are waiting your turn at the Hairdresser you can read, instead of *Life* and *Time*, the alumni journals of the Royal Lancers and the Queens Bays. I never felt myself so definitely a gentleman. Yours, Sir, etc.

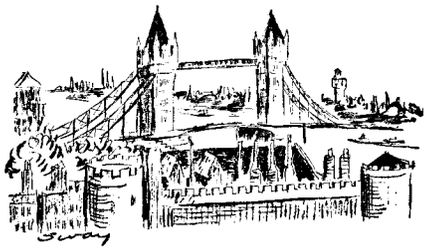
(3) One gets, of course, the notion that all the street cleansers (that's their name) are Anzacs; they wear the wideawake (as we would say, Stetson) pinned up on one side. They look so gloomy, with their little push-prams, you suppose they are Macaulay's New Zealanders come to study the ruins of St. Paul's. (How near they came to being Nazi instead of New Zealand.) But only an American, with his austere literary discipline, is likely to remember Macaulay. Yours, Sir, etc.

(4) The great Johnsonian discovery, made by my Scots son-in-law. We had long been stricken by Boswell's quotation (p.50, Oxford Press edition) that Johnson, while at Pembroke College, was usually seen "lounging about the college gate." This gave a suggestion of otiose Etonian idleness. Not at all. We visited Johnson's old rooms (now occupied by an American Rhodes Scholar). They are on the stairway above the porter's lodge. So young Sam hung about the lodge because there was always a fire in the porter's grate, and he couldn't afford one in his room. I would have added a few words about my wonderful visit to the Warden of New College, his noble old fourteenth-century kitchen, the Adventure of the Carton of Chesterfields, and the coltsfoot leaves he was drying to use as tobacco; but there wasn't, and never will be, space. Yours, Sir, etc.

(5) The lovely lady who shared with us a television festival—I think Chaucer would have called it a *flyting*—at a place called Alexandra Palace. It interested me because my grandfather, who had some acuity as realtor, was creeping his way up that plateau from Muswell Hill, about 1868. But what I liked most was Mrs. Halliday's cry of artists' woe: "When you get used to television, the movies seem so huge and crude and vulgar." All my Lilliput blood rose in joy to that, and I would have wished to say to *The Times* or *M. G.*: "England is a television country. Leave her so." Yrs, etc.,

(6) You can see (if you're the kind of reader I like to think you are) why I didn't write these letters. I could have written a letter about Traffic in Oxford compared with Tranquillity in Cambridge; or the Lady with Big Blue Eyes in Berkshire and her cry of anguish, as she showed us her great black shoat in the barnyard: "Piggy! Poor Dear Pig! He's been Taken Over by the Government. And we had him All Fattened for Christmas!" That was in a midland midden that might have been Puck of Pook's Hill. The English go on living their literature, without remembering it's literature. To you and me it's too often something on a shelf. I would have added a brief glimpse of the huge Bengal tiger reaching his bended paw under the bars for a scarlet joint of horse-beef, at the Regents Park Zoo. You get a very good lunch there, by the way, with plenty of macerated potatoes and turnips and thick-skinned Socialist sausage; because you get Children's Priority. In the Socialist State (which none of our American Socialists have ever encountered in reality, not even Norman Thomas) children and carnivores get First Pick. Yours, Sir, etc.

(7) Six letters would have wound



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up a week for *The Times* or the *M. G.*, but there might still be a seventh for the *Sunday Times* (a quite different sheet), to which literary and historical queries are mostly addressed. Here I think I would have dwelt on the Other Pair of Shanks. These were the cotton-stocking shins of Mr. Speaker, sitting on his throne as arbiter of the House of Commons. The Speaker, in grey wig, black robe, and breeks, has his own formality no less than Front Benchers. One leg, even if the hose wrinkle a little, must dandle over the other; by the vibration of the swinging silver-buckled slipper the student, or Dominion Premier, may guess the undercurrent of debate. Anxiously, as argument trends toward partisan rapids or stagnant riposte, one sees the slipper toss faster, hang looser and looser on the suspensive great toe. Suppose, thinks the Dominioneer, slipper should fall off? The whole of parliamentary decorum depends from one nervous phalange. And what a severity of argument that day: the matter of the Chancellor of Exchequer's gaffe was in debate. The Prime Minister was frozen and terse. The Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Churchill, was all jowls and jalap. Then it became obviously a to-and-fro, a squabble; each side gambiting for party position. The best gambit was (properly) Mr. Speaker's wrinkled shank. Toe, and slipper, swung faster and faster. Mr. Speaker takes no sides but that of House Itself. Suddenly he rose. "I think the House cannot profitably discuss this matter further at the present time." I quote from memory only, but you can enlarge me in Hansard, who is still the carbon paper of British Raj. (November 17, 1947). There was no razz and no squawk. The House, without further yapping, proceeded to the order of the day. That, I thought, was England; and so were Mr. Attlee and Mr. Churchill, bending double, almost on all fours (more difficult for Churchill) to exchange some parliamentary advertisement during debate; creeping together, across the frontier (two sword-blades wide, by tradition) to confer below the Speaker's line of clairvoyance. You have never seen legislatures (any of them) in action until you have watched Mr. Speaker. Implemented with his scratch wig and his wrinkling hose, he is the emblem of impartiality. Out you go, between Westminster Hall and Westminster Abbey, and hunt long for your cup of tea. Spend a few weeks in England and you'll take tea seriously, or take it anyhow. Yours, Sir, etc.

Next week SRL *will publish Mr. Morley's second and concluding article on his recent visit to England.*

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

The heroines briefly described below were famed for their beauty. Allowing five points for each one you can name and another five for the author who created her, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 63.

1. An English gentleman spent his fortune to rescue this sleeping beauty from the clutches of a Mid-West carnival, finally found a medicine that waked her, and almost immediately regretted that he had.
2. Her brow was like the snowdrift, her throat was like the swan, and her face it was the fairest that e'er the sun shone on.
3. One of this model's most ardent admirers etched an outline of her beautiful left foot on the wall of his studio.
4. Her left shoulder was a miracle of loveliness, her right elbow had a fascination that few could resist, and her right heel was much admired by connoisseurs.
5. Her skin was white as snow, her lips as red as blood, her hair as black as ebony, and she was the most beautiful girl in the land.
6. This exotic beauty had been brought up on a diet of poisons by her father, a famous doctor, with most unfortunate results.
7. This Southern belle won a beauty contest at Atlantic City which qualified her to marry the President of the United States.
8. The first social appearance of this hitherto neglected and ill-treated beauty created a sensation, especially with her two cruel stepsisters and the prince who was giving the ball.
9. This beautiful, blonde, wealthy, and wonderfully virtuous heiress was beseiged by suitors from all over the world, and she chose to wed a most impecunious gentleman.
10. This French actress couldn't act and she couldn't sing, but she was so attractive that she didn't need to do either to become an overnight hit.

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SPRING ALMANAC

(*Continued from page 15*)

either in part or in whole, but also broadcasts and messages which have never before been printed. Through them all run consistently a violent abhorrence of war and a profound belief in the education of youth.

★ ★

One of the most powerful presentations of war to have appeared in fiction form, Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" (Lippincott), brutal and frank to the last degree in its portrayal of the agonizing experiences of a platoon attempting to cut its way through the jungle, is strong meat for the delicate but a book not to be ignored by those who are interested in contemporary war novels.

★ ★

By way of contrast to Mr. Mailer's volume is Anne Goodwin Winslow's gentle, nostalgic, and charming tale of polite people in polite places in "The Springs" (Knopf), a love story which plays in the Nineties of the last century, and Margery Sharp's pungent, deft, and entertaining "The Foolish Gentlewoman" (Little, Brown), whose heroine is a woman in her fifties, scatterbrained and silly but perhaps not so foolish withal.

★ ★

A rich, interesting novel in the great tradition of Russian fiction, Markoosha Fischer's "The Nazarovs" (Harper) presents a constantly vivid picture of the Russian Revolution through the history of a family of substance and standing.

★ ★

James Barke carries on his novel (which actually is only slightly fictionized biography) of Robert Burns in a second volume, "The Song in the Green Thorn Tree" (Macmillan), which revolves in the main about the poet's love for Highland Mary and for the oft-sung Jean of his poems.

★ ★

Confused with the confusion of the violent years through which his country and the world have been passing, Jean Malaquais's "World Without Visa" (Doubleday) weaves the pattern of present-day problems and attitudes into a variegated and significant tapestry.

★ ★

Charles Jackson, progressing from one sick study to another, in "The Outer Edges" (Rinehart) attempts to show the impact of a brutal and horrifying murder upon those persons who are on its periphery. A sordid, a morbid book, appalling in parts.

★ ★

Though Joseph Stanley Pennell's novel "The History of Nora Beckham (Scribner's), is titularly the story of a woman, it is actually the memoirs of her son and the picture of life in a small Kansas town. Scenes and characters are vividly and convincingly realized.

★ ★

Long, sober, but impressive, A. Den Doolard's "The Water Wizards" (Simon & Schuster) builds up an effective and affecting picture of the Dutch striving to push back the sea and retrieve the ravages of its waters. A novel of substance.

June and/or July

In one of the most lively of the many novels which have come so rapidly from her pen, Taylor Caldwell tells a tale of Philadelphia after the Civil War and of the conflict of disparate temperaments. "Melissa" (Scribner's) is likely to add to her already large group of readers.

★ ★

William Maxwell's delicate artistry, his beautiful writing, and his often startling insight into the springs of conduct and the motives of behavior are manifest again in "Time Will Darken It" (Harper), a tale this time not of adolescents but of the mature, but with a young girl just crossing the threshold of womanhood and a little child to give Mr. Maxwell's interest in youth opportunity for play.

Indefinite

"The Gathering Storm." By Winston Churchill (Houghton Mifflin).
"Chrysantha." By Margaret Drake (Lippincott).
"Tomorrow Will Be Better." By Betty Smith (Harper).
"The Heart of the Matter." By Graham Greene (Viking).
"The Loved One." By Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown).
"A Clouded Star." By Anne Parrish (Harper).
"The World Is Not Enough." By Zoe Oldenburg (Pantheon).
"The Road to Survival." By William Vogt (Sloane Assoc.).
"Everyday Miracle." By Gustav Eckstein (Harper).
"The Secret Thread." By Ethel Vance (Harper).
"Field of the Stranger." By Olivia Robertson (Random).
"The Running of the Tide." By Esther Forbes (Houghton Mifflin).

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
BACH ON THE ORGAN			
BACH, EIGHT LITTLE PRELUDES AND FUGUES. Ernest White organist. (New "Baroque" organ, Ch. of St. Mary the Virgin, N. Y.) Technichord T 10 (4)	Clear, sharp-colored, wide-range recording, but high highs are lost in scratch. Good liveness, sense of perspective. (High highs unimportant.)	B+	Two albums of happily listenable "Baroque" style authentic Bach playing. Perhaps strange, first try; but this chortling, crystal-clear tone color makes Bach light, transparent, completely intelligible, often humorous. A revelation as to Bach's intentions—no more monotony, mathematicality, turgidity. The "dead" acoustics of Weinrich album unfortunate (not Bach's doing) but not hard to take. Easy price to pay.
BACH, TOCCATAS AND FUGUES, Vol. 1. Carl Weinrich, organist. ("Praetorius" organ, Princeton, N. J.) Musicraft 36 (4) *(First of series of prewar reissues.)*	No highs, this prewar recording—but not important: tone colors this type organ are in middle highs. Main fault: unnatural deadness. I suggest adding artificial liveness to subsequent reissues.	B—	
ORGAN MUSIC OF BACH. (G mi. Fant. & Fugue; Toc. & Fugue F major; "St. Anne" Pr. & Fugue; Ch.-Prelude, "Wir Glauben All'.") E. Power Biggs, organist. (Organ St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia Univ.) Columbia MM 728 (5)	This is a bigger, louder organ, very reverberant chapel. Glorious big sound, well captured, plenty bass, highs. But acoustics (and playing) make a turgid mass of it. Not much engineers could do.	A	Biggs deserts the Baroque for power playing. Gorgeous sound—but much of music entirely lost in monotonously brilliant confusion of echo, incredibly fast tempi. A thoroughly disappointing album musically.
Comparison: BACH, ORGAN MUSIC. Albert Schweitzer. (Organ All Hallows, at Barking by the Tower.) Columbia MM 270 (7)	Excellent acoustics make this music very clear, in spite of lack of highs. very heavy (overcut) bass, some fuzziness.	A—	Compare this with above. S. is no organist, makes petty mistakes—but even without "Baroque"-designed organ he makes Bach live incredibly, as music.
OPERA — COMPLETE AND A LA CARTE			
MENOTTI, "THE MEDIUM," "THE TELEPHONE." (Complete operas.) Orch. E. Balaban. Marie Powers, Evelyn Keller, Beverly Dame, Catherine Mastice; Marilyn Cotlow, Frank Rogier. (Ballet Society Production.) Columbia MM 726A (7), MM 726B (3).	Notable recording in many ways. These new operas foreshadow major developments in "interchangeable" opera, conceived under infl. of radio, films, recording, television—losing little in transference from stage, with small, flexible orchestra, cast. "Telephone" is winsomely satirical, human, endearing, trifling. "Medium" is better stark drama than stark music, highly effective on records. Both are American, yet Italian-influenced, decidedly. Music is modern, unobtrusively, with plenty of melody, easily appreciable. English intelligible (text supplied) but Menotti sets it badly: poor accentuation, phrasing, little sense for vowel quantities. Recording brilliant, super-realistic, wide range, with fine acoustics, close-up voices, orchestra-enveloped. Surfaces, A—.		
BIZET, CARMEN SUITES #1 and #2. Nat. Symph. Orch. (British) Fistoulari. Decca London EDA 41 (3)	The usual wide range ffrr recording, softened by liveness, distant, over-all pickup—suits the style of these performances. Brasses especially effective. A good contrast to rugged, noisy U. S. type recordings this type music.	A—	The Carmen suites are superior, musically and in performance. A refreshingly serious, quiet, conscientious playing, highly musical, unlike our too-often brash and noisy Carmen suites à la Pops. Makes B. sound surprisingly profound!
BIZET, L'ARLESIENNE SUITES #1 AND #2. Nat. Symph. Orch. Beer. Decca London EDA 42 (3)			
BRITTEN, PETER GRIMES: FOUR SEA INTERLUDES, PASSACAGLIA. Amsterdam Concertgebouw, von Beinem. Decca London EDA 50 (3)	Great contrast in dynamic level in these interludes makes for scratch trouble—the soft ones are very, very soft! Fine, overall distant pickup, clear, soft highs.	A— to B+	Ffrr goes to Holland and a world famous orchestra for a modern score. These are interludes between the opera scenes. Impressionistic, Sibelius-influenced, but strongly, realistically built. EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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BALLADE OF THE OLD-TIME ENGINE

WHAT is this huge box painted red and buff,
That pulls a train, whose silly squealing wail
Is like a frightened rat I'd like to cuff?
A Diesel Engine's passing down the rail?
Give me the dragon that could make me quail,
Who spat his fiery breath, whose mouth was red,
Whose thunder shook the very hill and dale.
Now speed alone is king, romance is dead.

Where is the black smoke rising in a puff
That could have made the atom bomb turn pale
With envy? Wild Eight Wheeler, you're the stuff.
A Diesel Engine's passing down the rail,
It has no song to lure me on its trail,
Its Porter has no time to nod his head,
The Engineer to wave; haste must prevail,
Now speed alone is king, romance is dead.

My Iron Horse, belligerent and tough,
I miss the belching snorts you would exhale,
Your violent pulse's chuff, and chuff, and chuff.
A Diesel Engine's passing down the rail,
And it will take me swifter without fail,
No sudden jolt will jar, no soot will spread,
At ease the streamlined Limited will sail;
Now speed alone is king, romance is dead.

ENVOY

Old Locomotive, whistle like a gale,
Roar your great swan song like a thoroughbred!
A Diesel Engine's passing down the rail,
Now speed alone is king, romance is dead.

EDA H. VINES

* * *

One of the most versatile literary men who ever lived was the late Andrew Lang. In my autumn-tide as "laudator temporis acti se puero," though not, perhaps, exactly the "castigator, censorque minorum" which properly follows in Horace, I make no excuse for turning to him again. What more charming love lyric than that on page 24 of "Ban and Arrière Ban, a Rally of Fugitive Rhymes"? It is called "Lost Love" and has been a favorite of mine from youth. Some day when I make a small and extremely personal anthology of the things in verse from the past that haunt me most, it will be there, along with Arthur Symons's "As a Perfume Doth Remain," Arthur Upson's "Out of the Conquered Past—," and others. But what suggestion for the light versifier of today in Lang's "Ballades" and other light verse! His ballade of "Difficult Rhymes," for instance:

A rhyme to "cusp," to beg or steal,
I've sought from evensong to prime,
But vain is my poetic zeal,
There's not one sound is worth a "dime": *
"Bilge," "coif," "scarf," "window" —deeds of crime
I'd do to gain the rhymes thereof;
Nor shrink from acts of moral grime—
Why, why are rhymes so rare to *Love*?

And in "New Collected Rhymes" (Longmans 1905) there is a cricket parody of Emerson's "Brahma" that likes me well:

If the wild bowler thinks he bowls,
Or if the batsman thinks he is bowled,
They know not, poor misguided souls,
They too shall perish unconsoled.
I am the batsman and the bat,
I am the bowler and the ball,
The umpire, the pavilion cat,
The roller, pitch, and stumps, and all.

But a ballade (again) that will more stir the emulousness, I have no doubt, of my readers is that on "The Food of Fiction," in which Lang praises "Scott's or Ainsworth's 'venison pasty'",

In cups of old Canary drowned,
(Which probably was very nasty,)
the beefsteak pudding that Ruth made to alleviate Tom Pinch's affliction, and
The cakes and ham and buttered toast
That graced the board of Gabriel Varden,
In Bracebridge Hall the Christmas roast,
Fruits from the Goblin Market Garden,
And if you'd eat of luscious sweets
And yet escape from gout's infliction,
Just read "St. Agnes Eve" by Keats—
There's nothing like the food of fiction.

I wonder if the accounts of food in modern fiction are really up to those in the fiction of yore? Which reminds me that, hidden away in one of those unexpected little open courts down in what is roughly known as The Village, where one may stumble upon congeries of tiny houses, two playwriting friends of mine possess a small habitat that they insist upon calling "Yore." Not such a bad idea at that! In the present horrific state of the world it lays a healing hand upon the fevered brow!

* * *

THE LONG SKIRT

My dear, I saw it in the hall and I
Just had to gallop right upstairs and try
It on at once and see if it would fit.
Now take a look—what do you think of it?
Well, do you like it, dear—I mean, do you
Like *me* in it? I really hope you do.

Of course it's long, but it's the style, you goon,
The thing for cocktails in the afternoon.
Oh, don't be dense, the bobby socks have no
Connection with the skirt at all. You know
I hadn't time to change. Don't be so curt.
You needn't look at them, it's just the skirt.

What silk stuff? Where? Oh, don't be such a sap
The zipper wasn't closed. Now there's no gap.
Nice, isn't it? And useful. Watch this stunt.
See, you can twist and wear it back to front.

No, not to hide the silk stuff! Can't you see
That when the zipper's fastened that won't be.
It's so it won't get shiny like the pair
Of trousers that you use for wear and tear.
Look, does the long skirt—wait now, yes, it zips—

*Not being an American the word dime seemed to Lang to need inverted commas.

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Does it make me look fatter round the hips?

Oh, you're so aggravating. When I said
I didn't change, I meant it. Use your head!
For goodness' sake you really don't suppose
I'd wear house slippers out in tailored clothes.
You think I'd wear a new suit with a soiled
And knotted, foul, old, torn, bandanna coiled
Around my head? May I remind you that
I told you, yesterday, the *purple* hat!

How do you mean "old-fashioned girl effect"?
The coat and skirt together are correct
In their proportion. Look, it comes to here—
No, down to here—and here it has a stream
Of buttons that are really just a dream.

Well, do you like it? Do you? Hope to die?
I didn't *ask* you for a prophecy?
You just have no imagination and
You can't recall a thing, you only stand
There gawking and reverting like a fool
To silk and slippers, idiotic drool
That hasn't anything to do at all
With if you like the skirt I bought for fall.
To know what it will look like? That's a laugh.
I'm sorry, no, I have no photograph.
Oh, well, it's no use showing anything
To you because you're simply maddening.
You're just a darn wet blanket and a bore—
Is that so? Well, I'm glad I slammed the door.

HELEN GERRY.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Daphne, in "The Sleeping Beauty," by John Collier. 2. "Annie Laurie," by William Douglas. 3. "Trilby," by George DuMaurier. 4. Katisha, in "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert. 5. "Snow White," by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm. 6. Beatrice Rappaccini, in "Rappaccini's Daughter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 7. Diana Devereaux, in "Of Thee I Sing," by Kaufman, Ryskind, and Gershwin. 8. "Cinderella," by Charles Perrault. 9. Portia, in "The Merchant of Venice," by William Shakespeare. 10. "Nana," by Emile Zola.

WALLACE

(Continued from page 29)

I think that Wallace, despite occasional inconsistencies, now makes more sense than most of his detractors. This supposed dreamer strikes me as being actually a hard-headed man with a grasp of basic realities. Unlike the bulk of American commentators, Wallace has a sharp realization of the role of economics in politics. He is not fooled by the shibboleths that are currently used to whip up national hysteria against the Soviet Union. He knows what interested groups are behind them. His own approach is pragmatic and experimental; and he has a world vision that is profoundly moral and, if I may be permitted to say so, deeply religious.

Wallace appeals to the conscience of America and he speaks with the voice of conscience, and because of that—because he prods many an uneasy soul—so many hate him in self-defense. For this reason one regrets that he has found it necessary to organize a Third Party. To be sure, the difference between the Democratic Tweedledee and the Republican Tweedledum is precisely zero, but a Third Party will not change that. It cannot win. It can only make the two Tweedles worse dee-dums. It can only bring about what Wallace so rightly dreads, more militarism and certain war. Wallace could have performed a magnificent service to his country and the world if he had remained within his party—a powerful critic, an incessant prodder, an arouser of conscience.

Third Party or no, "Toward World Peace" ought to be read by every man and woman who can read. The issues it raises should be debated up and down the land, for they are issues of life and death. They are issues rarely discussed with honesty by our controlled press or with candor by the current one-party Congress. In "Toward World Peace" the American people have their chance to find out what Henry Wallace stands for, which is not what his misrepresenters say he stands for. And whether the nation accepts or rejects Wallace's ideas, it should give them a fair hearing. I am convinced that some day the people of this country will be thankful that amongst the 145,000,000 Americans there is at least one great national voice that is not afraid to stand up and speak out in a very grave crisis. I do not happen to agree with his Third Party, but I think that Henry Wallace is in the great American tradition.

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(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 63)

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PERSONALS

I HATE to wreck a romantic illusion about Vermont maple syrup BUT accurate syrup is so extremely difficult to make that the average farmer can not guarantee it. ¶ To guarantee the accurate official state grade of 11-lbs to the gallon, my syrup is weight-blended, filtered, and canned hot to seal in the fresh natural flavor. ¶ SPECIAL to Saturday Review readers, one gallon this superior Vermont maple syrup, post-free in New England, N. Y., N. J. (express charges collect elsewhere), only $6.95. No C.O.D. ¶ Spring catalog, listing many maple products and other fine foods, sent free. ¶ Vrest Orton's Vermont Country Store, founded 1897: Come up and visit the old red store in typical Vermont hill village of Weston, 20 miles from Manchester on Route 8.

YOUNG LADY, college, would like position as author's assistant. Experience: stenography-typing; two languages. N.Y.C. Box 752-Y.

ENTERTAINER OF BOYS, ages 3 to 15, outdoorsman, mature, humorous, wants position. Anywhere. Box 630-Y.

SPEECH. Expert private coaching for business executives and professionals. By appointment. N.Y.C. Box 631-Y.

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POTTER'S WHEEL (electric) and other pottery tools for sale. Northern New Jersey. Box 632-Y.

HOUSEKEEPER to famous author. Attractive, young, Viennese background, desires opportunity to write a novel. Box 754-Y.

YOUNG WOMAN seeks hostess position (summer) New England hotel. Interested in people. Box 633-Y.

COLLECTORS ITEM. Chandler 1919. Runs very well, partially restored, five tires. Moving to smaller, garageless quarters; must sell immediately. $195. Andrews, Box 531, Greenwich, Conn.

SUMMER TUTORING desired, woman, Ph.D., ten years' experience—prep school, college, in care of children. Would undertake full responsibility, one-three pupils. Travel. Box 634-Y.

COLLABORATOR FOR NOVEL WANTED. Plot will be supplied. Mrs. R. V. Cropin, 4615 10th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PUNCH seeks stimulating correspondence from a Judy, who is fond of sports, music and adventure. Box 635-Y.

VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP, $6.50 per gallon, postpaid 300 miles. H. G. Ogden, R.F.D. No. 1, Windsor, Vermont.

EXUBERANT YALE JUNIOR, desires job, Latin America, Alaska. 499 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

GENTLEMAN, mature, lover country life, music, quiet living, people; invites correspondence kindly lady contemporaries. Box 696-Y.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, English major, doctors ailing verses, letters, song lyrics, reasonable. Box 697-Y.

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PENDING ATOMIC ANNIHILATION, dilettante despite Ph.D., invites feminine correspondence. Box 698-Y.

A RAPT ADMIRER of Proust and Santayana would enjoy corresponding with others enthused like himself. Box 699-Y.

URBAN LADY, mature, progressive, interested in people, ideas, invites correspondent with sense of humor. Box 701-Y.

PERSONALS

AMBITIOUS WOMAN, reliable, personable, fortyish, as companion for woman on July cruise. Expenses. Fostering care; references exchanged. Box 718-Y.

CAPE COD "personalized" vacation, professional woman's home, superb food, reasonable. Transportation if desired. May to November. Box 144, Dennisport, Massachusetts.

WIDOW, 40, wants part-time help in her seashore office in exchange for companionship and one-room apartment. Must have pleasing personality, some knowledge of typing or willingness to learn. Box 719-Y.

WILL SHARE SUMMER HOME on beautiful Maine island. Not modern, informal, cooperative living; quiet, comfortable. Room, board $30 week per person. Detailed information. Box 720-Y.

EFFICIENT cook, housekeeper, educated, will serve elderly gentleman or motherless home. Box 721-Y.

HARVARD LAW STUDENT, veteran with electronics experience, liberal arts college graduate, accomplished violinist, seeks summer employment, anywhere in Western Hemisphere. Box 722-Y.

TEACHER desires summer employment. Companion to children, care of nice home, East preferred. What have you to offer? Box 723-Y.

LIBRARY Minor, B.A. English, teaching major, desires year library experience before graduate school, interested bookmobile extension. College town preferred. Box 724-Y.

WANT GOOD REPRODUCTIONS Renoir, Gauguin, Degas, Cezanne and Manet paintings. Must be at least 12" x 14" either framed or suitable for framing. Box 725-Y.

GENTLEMAN who likes to correspond invites interesting, friendly, feminine letter writers. Box 702-Y.

MARRIED STUDENTS, pursuing doctorate, need apartment, beginning June, driving distance Northwestern University. References. Box 703-Y.

COLUMBIA VET, adaptable, reasonable, bright, seeks interesting summer employment with travel, before starting medical school. Box 704-Y.

A.B., A.M., HISTORY. Ten years' experience in research and editorial work, including preparation of copy for press, proof-reading, indexing, etc. Seeks position with historical organization, university press, or house publishing historical work. Minimum salary $3,600. Box 705-Y.

BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN RANCH, perfect for summer home, small dude ranch, camp, or hunting lodge. The 160 acres include rich pasture, trout streams encircling spacious modern log house, unfurnished, with pine finished interiors, and view of snowcapped mountains. Owner willing to cooperate with serious, responsible person, particularly veteran, on long lease. Write Leslie Langston, c/o General Delivery, Billings, Montana.

SUMMER POSITION with congenial family wanted by cultured young woman, unobtrusive son, 5. Experienced children, cooking, outdoor life. References. Box 706-Y.

MAINE FOR THE CREATIVE. If I can get the backing of 14 congenial people—preferably writers, artists — to share my private residence, "Taft-Point," 80 shore acres, on Frenchmans' Bay, West Gouldsboro, Maine; I will take all responsibility for serving the best meals and drinks obtainable. Lobster traps offshore — clams, mussels galore. $8 to $11 per day — with meals. Information and photographs on request. Opens June 1st through November deer-hunting. Marlow Lucas, Taft-Point, West Gouldsboro, Maine.

EAGER Princeton Junior, 22, seeks summer employment. Experienced motion picture, still photography; imaginative, versatile; interested in any stimulating work. Box 707-Y.

ATHLETIC, ex-Navy, college senior needs interesting summer or full time job. Money helpful but not everything. Box 708-Y.

WOMAN, fortyish, personable, secretarial experience, serious, wishes work, literary, business, some at home, some out if necessary, to ease boredom; salary secondary. Box 709-Y.

YOUNG GIRL, nineteen, about to enter college, desires summer work with children in Long Island, Connecticut area. Past two summers spent working in large clinic in Middle-west. Parents desire exchange of references. Box 710-Y.

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PERSONALS

VETERAN; congenial, athletic, music and stage interests; desires to correspond with persons of similar interests. Box 711-Y.

CAREER-MINDED GAL, bookkeeper, desires position demanding intelligence, initiative, personality. Anxious to learn advertising, but will consider other fields. N.Y.C. or will travel. Box 433-Y.

ALERT, alluring, Alaska-bound woman law student wants summer job in the territory. Give full particulars. Box 712-Y.

YOUNG CALIFORNIA artist and wife desire simple dwelling Monterey Peninsula (Calif.) in exchange caretaking or ?. References. Box 713-Y.

REFINED INTELLECTUAL, desires attachment to active, attractive girl by correspondence. Box 714-Y.

WRITE THIS GUY for replies matching your style and thoughts. Box 715-Y.

ARTIST offers 16x20 signed oil paintings on canvas, landscapes, marines, only $6 each with order. Conradi, 227 East 33 St., N.Y.C. 16.

HONEYMOON SUGGESTIONS featuring 60 resorts and hotels. Send 10¢ coin or stamps. Dept. J. A., William P. Wolfe, 500 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

PHILOSOPHY, psychology interest you? Write Cenacle, 101 Warren St., N.Y.C. 7.

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FRUSTRATED MALES AND FEMALES find expression in European travel. Write Box 717-Y.

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CAPE COD (TRURO); exchange house for New York apartment, occasional long spring weekends. Box 726-Y.

COMPANY WANTED: In rural Vermont, comfortable house, good food, good beds, reasonable rates. Box 727-Y.

WRITER NEAR BOSTON, MASS., to help revise book on life in Northern Canada. J. Plant, 1196 Tremont St., Roxbury, Mass.

MATURE COLLEGE GRAD, diversified interests, invites correspondence with mature, sweet, congenial gal of simple tastes and homespun personality. Box 729-Y.

JIGSAW PUZZLES you've worked aren't much fun. Exchange? I have five interlocking wood puzzles, each over 300 pieces, and they're all there. Give titles to avoid duplication. Box 730-Y.

COMPANION OR TUTOR for summer, college junior, male, ex-Navy, able in mathematics, music, English. Box 731-Y.

AVAILABLE: one slightly used but still serviceable editor with ten years' newspaper and magazine experience. Age 31, tolerably personable, despite visible signs of wear, single, willing to travel. Sense of humor untarnished. Box 732-Y.

SCHOOL LIBRARIAN (Massachusetts) wishes cataloging position or place of vacationing librarian for August. Box 733-Y.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, fond of adventure, seeks exciting girl correspondent. Box 734-Y.

DILETTANTE ORIENTALIST fishing commercially off Dana Point, California, wants partner to bait 500 hooks daily, steer boat, take one-third catch, and enjoy best of food, liquor, books, music and shore life. Box 735-Y.

VETERAN, college athlete, experienced outdoorsman, desires position as companion, camp tender on summer hunting trip anywhere. Box 736-Y.

YOUNG LADY, pleasant, intelligent, desires correspondence with interesting gentleman. Box 737-Y.

AUTHOR-COMPOSER seeks correspondence someone sympathetic, understanding, who will offer encouragement and inspiration. Box 738-Y.

OPERA LOVERS WISH to share someone's season subscription for 2 or 3 people. Friday or Saturday series. Box 579-Y.

PERSONALS

RARE ANTIQUE curly maple Hepplewhite chest of drawers for sale. All original. Refinished. May be seen by appointment. New York State. Box 741-Y.

COLLEGE JUNIOR seeks interesting summer work, preferably travel. Likes music, books, can drive. Box 742-Y.

NOVELISTS! Successful young Broadway playwright would co-author dramatization of novel in exchange for summer ocean cruise. Box 743-Y.

EUROPE THIS SUMMER with groups seeking social insight; some peering behind "Iron Curtain." Steamships, hotels, appointments with officials, professors, writers *already arranged. Remaining places* reserved for perspicacious. Box 744-Y.

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MEDICAL STUDENT, veteran, culminating year of working with the dead—looking forward to gainful summer working with the living. Suggestions? Box 746-Y.

PERSONABLE, INDEPENDENT MALE, half idealist, half realist, welcomes correspondence with young school teacher. Box 747-Y.

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SUMMER RENTAL. House, pastoral setting, 20 minutes to beach. Antique furnished, automatic equipment, Bendix, dishwasher, etc., 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. One hour N.Y.C. Fifteen hundred. Holmdel 9-6302. (N.J.)

GAY, INTERESTING WORK desired by student graduating Yale. Will do anything, travel anywhere, temporary, permanent. Personable, ex-bombardier. Box 750-Y.

FAIRY TALES DO COME TRUE at Sedgefield Inn, Greensboro, N. C., where lucky mortals will find tranquility, miraculous food and other distinguished guests. Golf, tennis, riding. Ideal spot for creative work. Four college libraries nearby. Write for descriptive folder O.

SOS! Three desperate damsels need four-room or larger apartment in Manhattan, N.Y.C. Cold water flat acceptable. Reasonable rental. Consider buying furniture. Village preferred. Box 751-Y.

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LAW STUDENT, male, desires diversified correspondence. Interests are practically unlimited. Box 740-Y.

PERSONALS

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN—but where? Widely experienced, well-educated, happily married, socially agreeable, artistically creative, ingenious, adaptable, successful executive would swap excellent Eastern career for interesting Western opportunity among congenial people, scenery. No tenderfoot, no snob. Box 739-Y.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 734

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

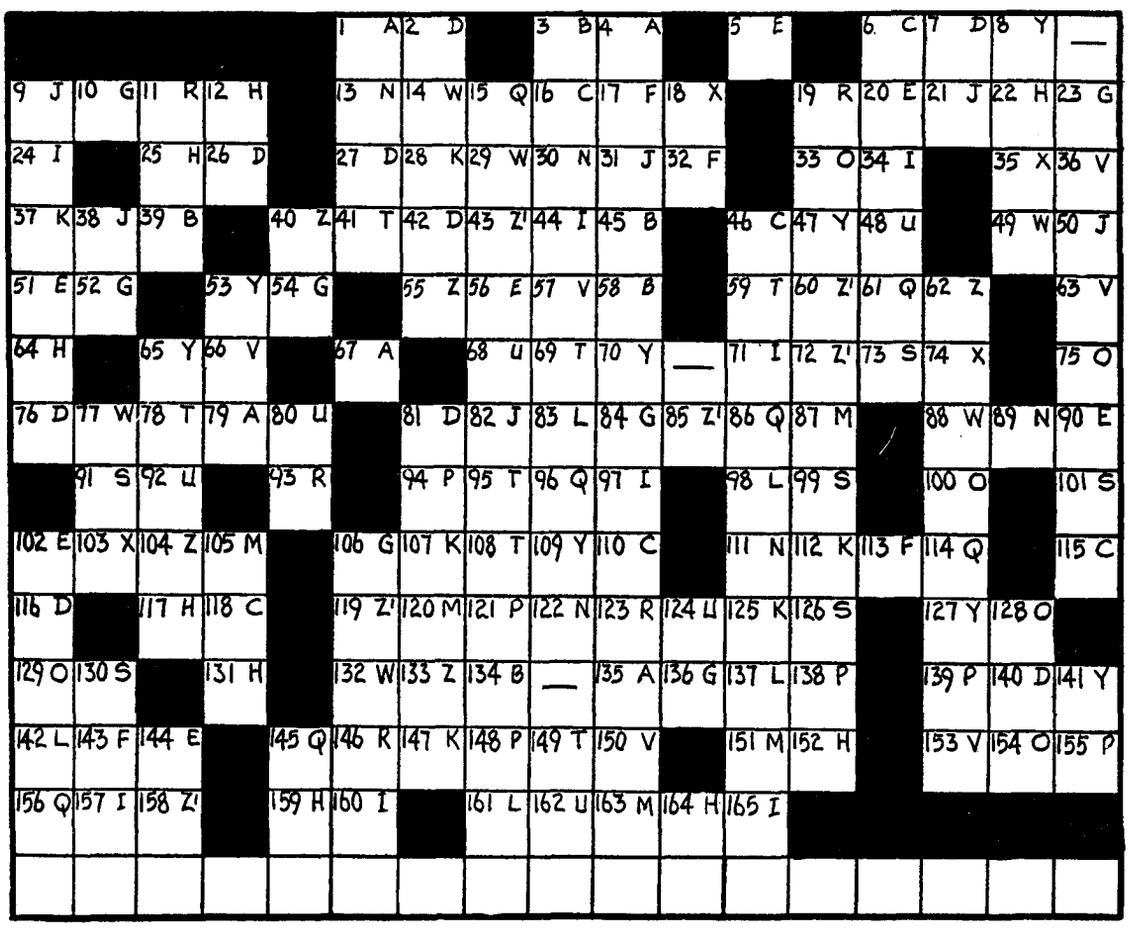
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A Negro of the most numerous and powerful of the Nilotic groups.	135 1 4 79 67
B. American sculptor in Rome, 1819-95 (his father, associate justice of the U. S. Supreme Court; bust in Hall of Fame).	45 134 3 39 58
C. Winning horse in several Handicaps, 1945-47.	6 115 118 46 16 110
D. Alexander the Great's favorite musician (see Dryden's poem).	140 7 2 116 76 42 81 27 26
E. Name by which Bethlehem is known (Bib.).	144 20 56 51 5 90 102
F. A small tambourine used in Egypt.	32 113 17 143
G. An Eastern county of England.	23 10 84 54 136 106 52
H. Italian composer of Impressionistic School (1880-).	159 164 117 64 131 152 22 12 25
I. Venetian gentleman in "Othello."	165 34 71 97 44 157 24 160
J. Kind of baseball played in a gymnasium, armory, or the like.	31 82 9 38 50 21
K. Opera by Weber, 1826.	125 37 107 147 112 28
L. The dauphin in "King John" (Shakespeare).	161 83 137 142 98
M. Satan (Arabian relig.).	120 163 105 151 87

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. River in Spain and Portugal flowing into the Atlantic Ocean.	111 30 122 89 13
O. One who believes in all religions.	129 128 154 100 75 33
P. Minute detail, elaboration, etc. (fine arts).	155 121 138 148 139 94
Q. To indulge in antics (slang).	145 61 86 114 156 15 96
R. Exclamation expressing impatient contempt or disgust.	146 19 123 93 11
S. English-born author, actress, educator in America (1762-1824; "Charlotte" and "Lucy Temple").	126 99 73 101 91 130
T. Marking the commencement.	78 149 69 41 95 108 59
U. English battle, June 14, 1645; Cromwell and Fairfax defeat Charles I and Rupert.	92 162 68 80 124 48
V. An Italian emigrant (U. S. slang).	150 153 63 66 57 36
W. Offensive or musty odor.	29 77 88 49 132 14
X. Dash; ardor (Fr.).	18 35 103 74
Y. Novel by George Meredith, 1867.	109 127 8 70 65 141 53 47
Z. American-born poet and critic, now an English citizen.	62 104 133 40 55
Z'. A space occupied.	158 43 85 60 72 119

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

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to meet your growing needs for oil

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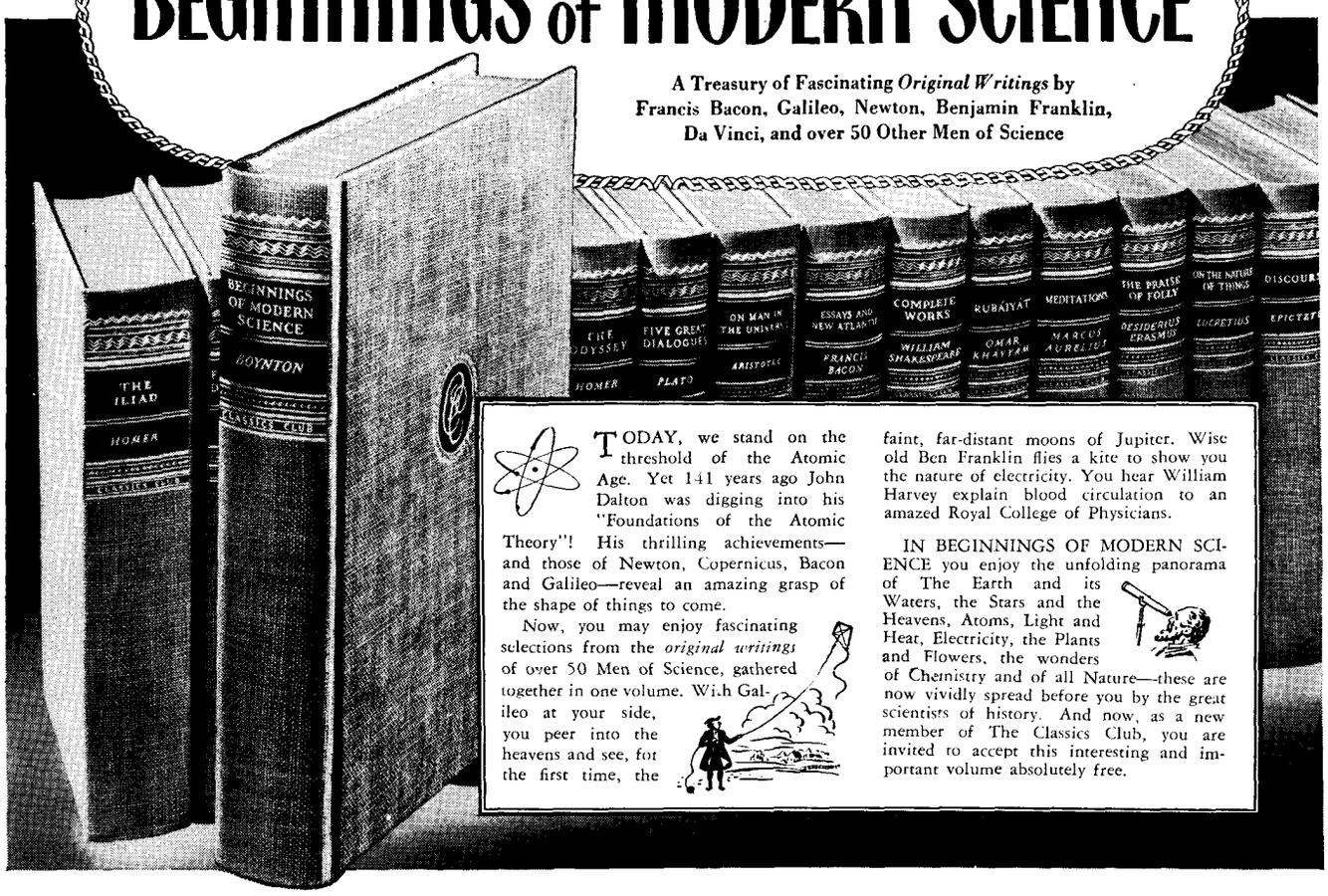

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